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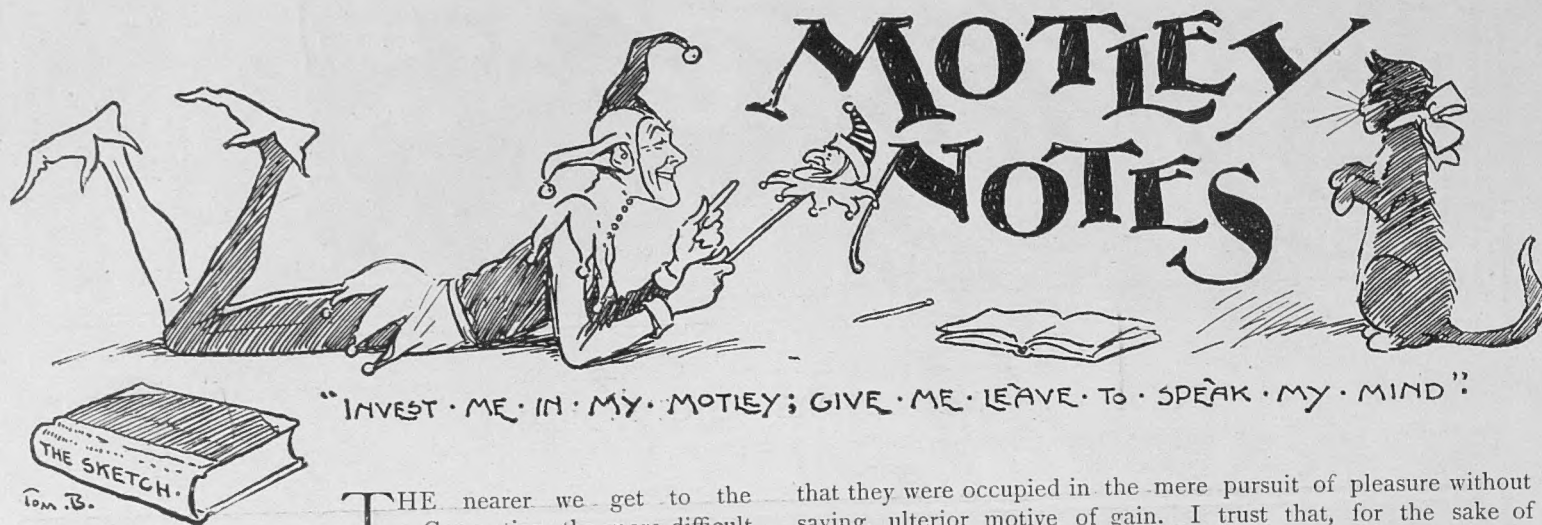
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



"LONG LIVE THE KING!"





THE nearer we get to the Coronation, the more difficult it becomes to keep alive. Indeed, but for the assurance that the festivities in the streets will last for two more days only, I think I should abandon the struggle and lay my weary head beneath the foot of the nearest policeman. To enjoy thoroughly affairs of this sort, one needs to be either a millionaire or a pauper. The millionaire has but to wave his cheque-book, and a path is at once swept for him through the densest crowd. The pauper merely sits in the bar of his favourite hostelry and awaits invitations to banquets from the Royal Family and would-be Peers. But the man who suffers is the professional man, whether he belong to a reputable profession—such as the clerical, medical, legal—or a disreputable one—such as the theatrical, artistic, or journalistic. What direct benefit, for example, will members of the Press derive from the Crowning of the King? Will they be nourished with buns, ginger-beer, and chocolate? No. Will they be reviewed by the Prince of Wales and complimented upon their smart appearance? No. Will they even be allowed two days' holiday among the woods and fields? No. And merely because they happen to belong to the down-trodden professional classes.

The hard thing about the Coronation is that those people who are in London for business are compelled to pay as heavily for the privilege of being here as the visitors. Only the other day, on looking over my luncheon-bill at the Club, I found an odd halfpenny in it. Surprised to find that one could purchase anything for a halfpenny, I made inquiries on the subject, and was informed that, "owing to the Coronation," apples had gone up in price from twopence to twopence-halfpenny. That is the sort of thing, you know, that puts one's loyalty to a very severe test. Again, in the matter of cabs I have suffered, for the cabbies have become so used to carrying dear, innocent visitors from the country that they scorn any unfortunate Londoner who looks as though he knew the distance from Charing Cross to Piccadilly Circus. And the worst of it is that there are enough country people to go round.

I note with considerable apprehension that certain of the daily papers have been pressing for an extension of clemency to prisoners on the occasion of the Coronation. One journal speaks of these people as "unhappy inmates," and deplores the fact that the prison authorities propose to mark the great day with no more soulful treat than an extra allowance of pudding. "A painfully materialistic method," says the writer, "and one which is little likely to make any very special appeal of value." Well, I can admire the generosity of spirit which demands that burglars shall be tempted with asparagus and Hooligans let loose upon the world in time to join the midnight maffickers in the Euston Road, but I do suspect that the Editors who are running this feature have never had their rooms rifled or been jabbed in the neck with a broken pocket-knife. Happily enough, I have not experienced such things myself, and yet I am able to sympathise a little with those who have suffered. And, after all, the prisoners are not compelled, I presume, to eat the pudding.

I see, to my relief, that two of my *Sketch* colleagues, Robert Machray and Tom Browne, have compiled an exhaustive work on "The Night Side of London." I say I am relieved to find that they have published a book on the subject, because, having come across this enterprising pair once or twice on my way home from the theatre, I had supposed

that they were occupied in the mere pursuit of pleasure without the saving, ulterior motive of gain. I trust that, for the sake of the undergraduate cub and his contemporaries, the volume will have a large sale; indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more practical deterrent than the melancholy note pervading the description of a "Night Club." Tom Browne, whose reputation will increase as his output decreases, has done here some of his very best work; he may also congratulate himself that his drawings are so admirably reproduced.

Returning to the all-absorbing subject, it is pleasant to note that, up to the present, we have been singularly free from Coronation Odes. After the enormous quantity of verse evoked by the death of Queen Victoria, one would have expected every rhymester in the country to blow a trumpet, bang a drum, and wave a banner. I had expected to read, in every evening paper, of championing steeds, robes of gold, emblazoned chariots, whilst I had anticipated that the morning-paper poets would have had a good deal to say on the subject of Imperial might and far-flung majesty. Of course, it is never wise to speak one's mind until one is out of the crowd, but we ought to be thankful that we have been spared up to the eve of the event. Perhaps, in the excitement of the next two days, a *Daily Telegraph* leader compressed into the shape of a patriotic sonnet would not be altogether unpalatable.

It is a significant fact that, whilst most of the theatres are closing for the Coronation, some of the music-halls are not only keeping open, but are even giving extra matinées. It is not to be argued, however, that music-hall managers are less loyal than the managers of theatres; indeed, it is difficult to say what would have happened to our patriotism during the more gloomy days of the War if it had not been fanned by the flags at the Alhambra, illuminated by the pictures of Generals at the Palace, and infused with the high spirits of Dan Leno at the Pavilion. Clearly, therefore, the music-halls are not providing rival attractions to the mafficking owing to any lack of loyalty. Their action merely implies that they expect to make money by remaining open, and the action of the theatrical managers implies that they hope to save money by remaining closed. It seems to me that both parties are right, for, whereas the public will be too tired or too excited to pay proper attention to a play, they will not object to be gently amused or goaded to cheers in a music-hall. Personally, I shall shut all my doors and windows as tightly as possible and go to bed; but, then, you see, only the Londoner born can appreciate the true inwardness of a "maffick."

The Editor of *The Sketch* has just been telling me about his Coronation Number. As he points out, this will be a *real* Coronation Number, inasmuch as it will be published after the Coronation and will contain actual pictures of the ceremony in the Abbey and the processions through the streets. In the same number, the great affair will also be treated—as no other paper has treated it—from the humorous point of view. For the carrying out of this idea, the Editor has employed the best-known humorous artists in London, namely, Phil May, Dudley Hardy, Tom Browne, Lewis Baumer, John Hassall, James Greig, and Gunning King. He has also been assisted in his editorial duties by some of the most beautiful actresses in the world, who have given *The Sketch* photographers special sittings. I should strongly advise *Sketch* readers to look out for this number, which will be issued on Wednesday next at the price of one shilling.

Chicot



SOCIETY AND THE CORONATION SEASON.



A SUNNY AFTERNOON AT RANELAGH.

SKETCHED BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Prince of Wales's Visit to India—Delhi—The Coming Commander-in-Chief in India—The All-Powerful Babu.*

IT has been officially announced that the Prince and Princess of Wales are to go to India to be present at the great Durbar at Delhi, an announcement that Anglo-India has been aware for some time past would be made, for Anglo-India has had its eye on the Ridge at Delhi, and has watched the palaces rising there and has been convinced that preparations were being made for a personage of even greater importance than the Viceroy. Every globe-trotter knows what the historical Ridge outside the City of Kings usually looks like, how the great slope down which at dead of night the "forlorn hope" and the storming party moved to the attack on the Cashmere Gate rises to the long, stony ridge which is bare but for a few scattered little buildings. This appearance is now being changed, and, in place of the hot rocks and the mean little bungalows, a row of palaces is growing into existence. The largest of these is being built by Government, and in it, no doubt, the Prince of Wales will be housed. The Princes and Maharajahs and Rajahs who will be present at the great gathering are all making their arrangements, some building houses, some hiring them. I hear that the Maharajah of Jaipur, who is one of the Coronation guests in London and who chartered a steamer for himself and his suite to come to England in, especially stipulating that there should be no beef of any kind eaten by anybody on board during the voyage, has taken for a month the largest of the Delhi hotels, and, no doubt, had to pay a "Rajah's price" for it.

The Prince of Wales will not see the Ridge at Delhi for the first time, for when he was in India with his brother, Prince Eddie, he was taken over the historic battlefields outside the town by the very best of guides, Lord Roberts. When the gallant little British Army, at the time of the Mutiny, lay on the sun-burnt Ridge in the hottest of the hot weather, besieging the city by sheer force of impudence—for it was but a fly on the wheel, a terrier hanging to the leg of an elephant, and half the time it was itself besieged by the Mutineers and had to fight daily for its existence—Lord Roberts, then a young subaltern, was in camp, and, curiously enough, the last time that, as Commander-in-Chief, his great marquee was pitched on the Ridge, they covered the spot where his little "single-fly pal" had stood in the Mutiny days. He took the Prince over all the ground, and showed him where, on the left, the cavalry used to fight all day long, and the scrub in which the

India, though Egypt was the land where his great talents showed themselves, and he knows pretty well already where his reforming hand will have to rest most heavily. The fighting Army in India is probably more ready to take the field at short notice than any other great body of soldiers either in the East or West; but, just as a regiment in India always moves accompanied by an inordinate number of native servants and camp-followers, so the Army officers have their camp-followers, some of them in very high places, who are not necessary, but who have defeated every reformer in his efforts to displace them, for behind them stands the Babu, and the Babu is official India. The Babu is the man who holds the pen and who insists on voluminous

returns being made because his existence depends on the necessity of those returns. Lord Curzon has been running full tilt against the Babus in the Civil offices, but I doubt if he, with all his energy, has done away with one return or reduced the clerical staff by one Babu; and I doubt if Lord Kitchener will be more successful in the military departments, and whether some of the comfortable gentlemen, most of them in his own corps, who have name-boards

before smiling bungalows at Simla and who watch the Babus spinning webs of useless figures will be told to take their hill-ponies and visiting-boxes down into the plains.

If Lord Kitchener can overcome the Babus at Fort William, Calcutta, and restore to the subaltern on guard the one rupee a-day he is mulcted, I shall have hope of him. I once enlisted the sympathy of the whole of the Government of India, both on the Civil and Military side, on behalf of the oppressed subalterns, but failed to obtain any relief, though the little tin gods threatened their direst thunders against the offenders. There is a legacy which daily gives a dole of rupees to the subaltern on guard at Fort William—the tale is that a rich native who was taken ill in the fort was given assistance by the subaltern on guard and repaid this kindness by a grant—but this is daily paid short of one rupee, a rupee which goes into the pockets of the Babus. "Stationery" is the heading under which the deduction is classed, and the fact that the subaltern never has or never had any stationery provided for him does not appear to the real masters of India to be any reason for restoring the rupee.

A new and very satisfactory departure has been noticeable in the treatment of many of the Coronation stands. Architecture has come to the assistance of utility, and, in place of the time-honoured felt-covered boxes with which we have been all too familiar, we have seen work that has been worthy of more than temporary use. The new



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT ASCOT: THE ROYAL PROCESSION.



CORONATION DECORATIONS: CANADA ARCH, WHITEHALL.

riflemen lay looking up at the battlemented wall waiting for the storm of lead and flame which would come when the "tamped" bags of gunpowder had blown in the gate.

Lord Kitchener will be the Commander-in-Chief who will next year receive the Heir to the Throne, and will give the word of command for the Royal salute of the magnificent Army, native and British, which will be reviewed on the plains where the Great Moguls used to muster their hosts. The new Commander-in-Chief, who is to immediately succeed Sir Power Palmer, is not altogether new to



CORONATION DECORATIONS: PICCADILLY, NEAR HYDE PARK CORNER.

régime was introduced to the West-End as far away as 1897 by the Royal Societies Club. On the occasion of Her late Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, the beautiful Clubhouse in St. James's Street was treated in the Venetian style, and was a prominent feature of the street by reason of the originality of the design and richness of the decoration. The Club's Coronation stage is in Indian style, most effectively decorated and illuminated, and, while preserving the best traditions of St. James's Street, it pays a graceful compliment to the many Indian potentates who have gathered to do honour to the great occasion.



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## "THE KING!"

BY RUTLAND BARRINGTON.

What is the magic of these simple words,  
 To which our pulses beat a stronger note  
 When we but whisper them with bated breath;  
 And which, when spoken with acclaiming voice,  
 Redound in chords which vibrate to the core?

Is it that He himself, as Prince of Wales,  
 So gracious in his courtesy to all,  
 Has struck the key-note with a skilful hand,  
 Evolving harmony which swells and spreads  
 And fills the intervals 'twixt Prince and King?

Somewhat of this! But, also, in our hearts  
 There dwells the love—which all for greatness makes—  
 Of Monarchy! Go, search the Nations all  
 And find me one to match in its content  
 This Island Home of ours, by Sov'reigns ruled!

And now, on this auspicious day of June,  
 With hearts and voices joyously attune,  
 In countless thousands do we meet to vow  
 Allegiance to the King to whom we bow!  
 From East to West our Colonies have sent  
 High-honour'd delegates to this intent.  
 The while the surf which beats our cliff-girt shore  
 Booms welcome to the King whom we adore,  
 And answering echoes from our cannon seek,  
 Whose mouths no longer deathful message speak!

Our Boer Foe now takes our hand in peace,  
 And for all time this enmity shall cease;  
 While trumpet-blasts proclaim the joyous thing,  
 All England is at peace, and has a King!  
 And what a roar of welcome shall arise  
 As each, with shouting neighbour, gladly vies,  
 And from all hearts the prayer to Heav'n takes wing,  
 God bless the King! God save our Gracious King!

By special arrangement with the Coronation Bonfire Committee,  
 the signal for lighting the Coronation bonfires will be made from the  
 top of the Great Wheel, Earl's Court, at 9.55 p.m. precisely on  
 Thursday. The signal rocket has been specially made by Messrs.  
 Pain and Sons, and will reach an altitude of a thousand feet. As the  
 Great Wheel itself is three hundred feet high, an exceptional view of  
 the Coronation bonfires in the surrounding country may be obtained  
 from the cars thereof.

On Friday last, *La Marguerite* accomplished a most successful trial  
 trip preparatory to commencing her regular summer sailings, which she  
 will resume on July 1, after having taken part in the Naval Review at  
 Spithead. A thorough overhaul has been made during the winter  
 months, to ensure the vessel maintaining her reputation for speed and  
 comfort. Steaming down the river towards the sea, her engines  
 worked with the greatest ease; on reaching deep water, the telegraph  
 was put full speed ahead, the engines responding without an effort,  
 working the vessel up to the high speed of twenty-one knots per hour.  
 After adjusting compasses at the Nore, a short run was made at full  
 speed, proving that everything will be ready for her speedy runs  
 across Channel to Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*"The King's Very Good Health!"*

Old-fashioned people are fond of toasting their friends in the good old phrase, "Your very good health." Such a toast the whole British people unite in giving their beloved Sovereign in this his Coronation Week. As an actual fact, His Majesty, like his Royal mother, does enjoy remarkably good health. With the one exception of his typhoid fever attack in 1871, he has had no serious illness during his life, and this is why the public are so taken aback when they learn that the Sovereign has had to postpone any arrangement on account of some ailment, though not one of them would be in the least astonished were a personal friend or acquaintance to be so disabled. A great physician, who was brought much into contact with Royal personages, once observed that a successful Sovereign should have "nerves of iron, a brick digestion, and a perfect temper." Perhaps the two first qualities ensure the possession of the third more than most of us realise.

The Prince of Wales's remark to the anxious Mayor of Windsor contained one racy colloquialism. "Don't worry," observed His Royal

The Artillery, too, was magnificent. The Queen, disregarding the weather, drove to Laffan's Plain in an open carriage, and, before the review proper commenced, attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Earl Roberts, the Foreign Attachés, and a brilliant Staff, presented new colours to the 2nd Highland Light Infantry. In the march past which followed, the Prince of Wales, as Colonel, rode at the head of the fine brigade of blue and red Marines, later on doing the same with the Royal Fusilier Militia battalion, and the Duke of Connaught, in the picturesque uniform of the regiment, led his Highland Light Infantry battalion. Earl Roberts did likewise with the Border Militia. Though the proceedings were abbreviated, it took more than two hours for the vast array to pass, and Her Majesty, exhibiting no sign of fatigue, graciously acknowledged each salute. On the following day, with her characteristic kindness, the Queen not only expressed her pleasure at the appearance and bearing of the troops, but thanked both officers and men for the manner in which, in spite of the most inclement weather, they had turned out.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT: THE INDIAN PRINCES ARE IN THE FOREGROUND.

*Photograph by Gale and Polden.*

Highness; "it is not much, and the King is much better." Royal personages are fond of picking up any special phrase which happens to be in popular favour. This was true even of Queen Victoria, who spoke the Queen's English with peculiar purity and distinction. When Her late Majesty was trying to convince a friend that there was nothing to fear in some forthcoming interview, she would say brightly, "You needn't be in the least afraid; whatever happens, he can't eat you." The late Duchess of Teck always used any phrase which seemed to her to convey most clearly the meaning of what she desired to express, and certainly no Royal lady of her generation had a greater knowledge of slang—of that polite slang, be it understood, which is one of the racy attributes of our rich language.

*The Royal Review.* Though to some extent the Aldershot Review on the 16th suffered from the bad weather and the unfortunate absence of His Majesty, yet the troops made a brave show, and the foreign critics present must have felt some surprise at the quality of the thirty-one thousand or so men on parade, seeing that the whole of Britain's Army was supposed to be away in South Africa or India. The Militia brigades were particularly fine, and altogether the old "Constitutional Force" presented a splendid appearance.

#### *Commons and Coronation.*

Of course, the House of Commons adjourns over the Coronation. The members are quite as eager as other people to see whatever can be seen. Nationalists play their own game by dissociating themselves from the celebrations. "While the Colonies are enthusiastically loyal," they say, "we are disaffected," and they expect the world to draw the proper moral. 'Tis a pity that any section should stand aloof. Other members of the House, Liberals and Unionists alike, fully share the national and Imperial spirit.

#### *The King's Ministers.*

The next generation may know who was the favourite statesman of King Edward when he came to the Throne. Meantime, outsiders can only guess the inclinations of a constitutional Sovereign. There are supercilious people who think that Lord Salisbury lacks manners; but it is certain that, so long as he is Prime Minister, he will enjoy the confidence of the King, and it may be assumed that, in an anxious time, His Majesty has been relieved by possessing the service of a Cecil with so great experience. At the same time, although Lord Salisbury is more than a figure-head, Mr. Chamberlain is described by friends and opponents as the most powerful member of the Cabinet.



It is in Mr. Chamberlain that the Colonial visitors take the greatest interest, and politicians and populace at home mark him out for supreme notoriety. Only the inner set know whether his power is equal to his notoriety.

*The Chancellor of the Exchequer.*

On the eve of the Coronation, the House of Commons passed the Finance Bill which re-imposes a small duty on corn. The Chancellor of the Exchequer conducted the Bill through the House without the aid of any Cabinet colleague. He was assisted only by his Treasury subordinate, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who showed familiarity with the subject. Liberals like Sir Michael—partly, perhaps, because he is a rather solitary figure, not amiable but masterful. He receives the credit of very blunt language. Sir William Harcourt, in days of power, was accustomed to speak his mind to his colleagues very freely, and, if rumour is true, Sir Michael's language was equally graphic when on a recent occasion the majority against

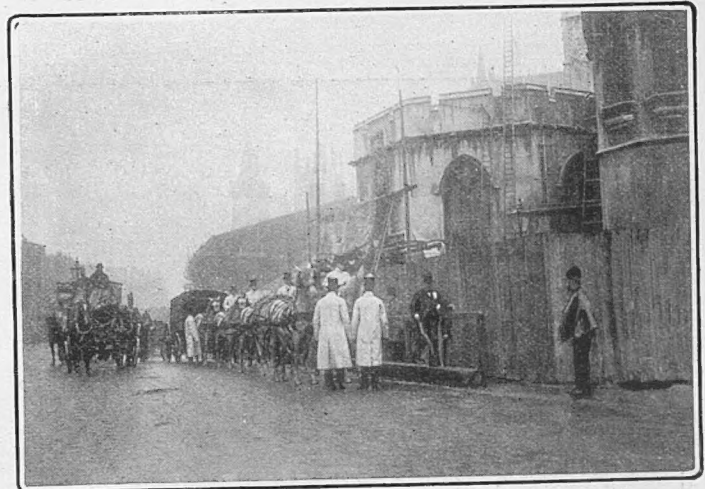
*Marvellous Illuminations.*

If only the Clerk of the Weather be kind, the illuminations seen to-morrow and Friday evenings will far surpass anything the world has ever had an opportunity of witnessing. Not only all the great public offices and public buildings, but innumerable private houses will be most exquisitely illuminated in honour of their Majesties' Coronation. The West-End will blaze with splendour, and those who fear a crowd will be able to enjoy something of the sight from the Green Park, from whence Bridgewater House will be seen in its full glory, for in the centre of the frontage which gives on to the Park is to blaze a huge Crown of luminous diamonds, ruby-red, royal purple, emerald-green, sapphire-blue, and gold. In conjunction with the Crown will be the Royal Cipher and two Imperial eight-pointed stars. At each end of the house will be large medallions enclosing the monogram "E. R.," surmounted by the Crown and encircled with a broad amber-coloured border. The whole mansion is to be outlined with lines of light, and the terrace, which is one of the finest

AN EARLY-MORNING EVENT: REHEARSING THE CORONATION PROCESSION.



IN THE ROYAL MEWS: GETTING THE EIGHT CREAMS READY.



THE ARRIVAL AT THE ABBEY ENTRANCE.



WAITING AT THE ABBEY ENTRANCE FOR THE RETURN JOURNEY.



ENTERING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

an amendment to his Bill fell very low. During the progress of the measure he seemed to get thinner, greyer, and sterner.

*Rehearsal of the Coronation Procession.*

The final rehearsal of the Coronation Procession was held on Friday, the 13th inst., in weather which was nearly as bad as that experienced on the two previous occasions, the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse, and Sir Henry Ewart being present to supervise the trial. The State-coaches were represented by brakes and luggage-omnibuses so arranged as to reproduce the weight of the more gorgeous vehicles which will appear in the Coronation Procession. Starting from the Royal Mews at half-past seven in the morning, the twelve pair-horse vehicles, the six black horses, and the eight cream-coloured horses which will draw the King's coach proceeded to Buckingham Palace, entering the courtyard, and there going through the ceremony of taking up their Royal occupants. Leaving the Palace by the centre gateway, they passed down the Mall, across the Horse Guards Parade, and by Whitehall to Westminster Abbey, where the setting-down arrangements were rehearsed, the carriages afterwards passing on into Dean's Yard, where they will wait during the service. The return journey to the Palace was made by Whitehall, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and Constitution Hill, the arrangements being found quite satisfactory.

features of this beautiful minor palace, will be decorated by arches sixteen feet high outlined in light, while on the roof will blaze away eighteen sixteen-foot gas-jets or flambeaux. From the Green Park, also, timid sightseers will have a chance of seeing the splendid illuminations which will make light as day the lower and prettier half of Piccadilly. Devonshire House will be literally festooned with twinkling jewelled blossoms and garlands. Lord Rothschild's house, 148, Piccadilly, will be illumined with a sixty-foot motto, "Long Live Our King and Queen"; and two large medallions, one bearing the monogram "E. R.," the other two "A's" intertwined, will break the monotony, as will also coloured festoons running along the balcony. Each Club will try to outvie the other. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts' house will be illuminated from garret to basement.

*The King's Crown.* The King will be crowned with what is, to all intents and purposes, a new Crown, although, of course, old gems of the utmost historical interest and value have been used. The Crown, which will fit rather low on the Sovereign's brow, encircles a velvet cap of imperial purple bordered with an edging of ermine. Inside the four arches which are a feature of the Crown hang the four great pearls which were set in Queen Elizabeth's Crown on her Coronation Day, and in front is arranged to the best advantage the cabochon diamond which has been seen at every British Coronation



since the day when Edward the Black Prince wore it in his helmet on the battlefield of Poitiers. Another historic gem, which has been so set as to be specially prominent, is an immense and brilliantly blue sapphire which was bought by George IV. and worn by him for the first time at his Crowning. It was at one time thought that the Koh-i-noor would also be set in the King's Crown, but it has been reserved to shine in the exquisitely light and graceful-looking circlet with which Queen Alexandra will be crowned.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that, in spite of the recent inclement weather, Windsor Park and Forest have not been seen to greater advantage for more than half a century. In Swinley Woods acres of land are covered with bluebells, and the rhododendrons at Cumberland Lodge, the Royal Lodge, and Virginia Water are now in full bloom and present a really regal spectacle to the many Colonial and foreign visitors to the Royal demesne. Bishopsgate Lodge is covered with the magnificent wistaria always so greatly admired by Queen Victoria, and, altogether, Nature seems to have selected the Coronation season for a display of floral beauty that quite outshines the more artificial decorations which the inhabitants of Royal Windsor have so loyally lavished on their historic surroundings. Given a continuance of fine weather, Royal Windsor will be royal indeed.

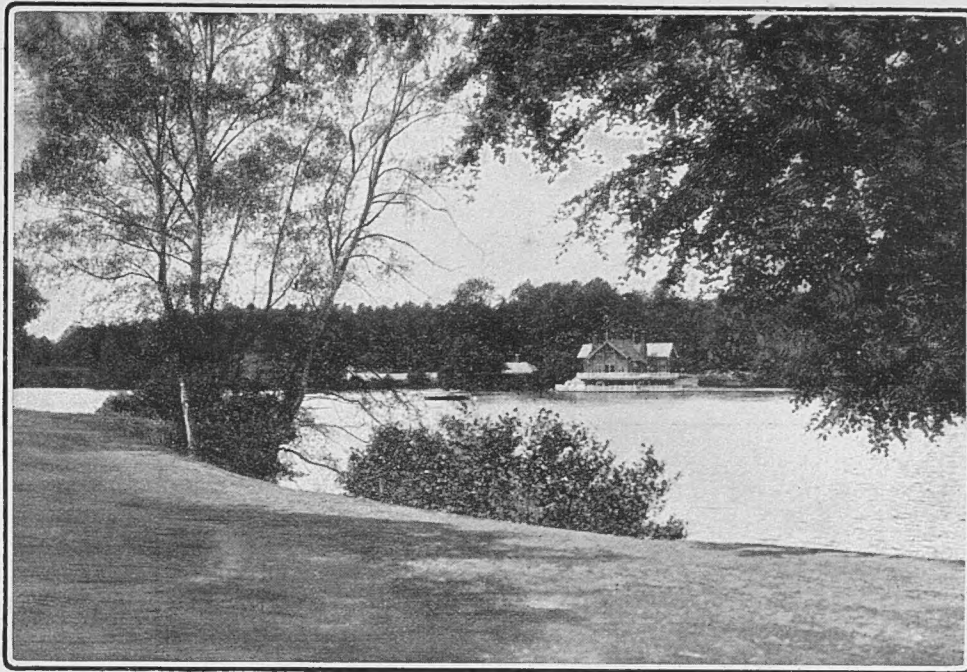
Queen Alexandra enjoyed true Queen's weather on what bids fair to become her historic State visit to Ascot. Her Majesty has always

taken an unaffected and sincere interest in the Sport of Kings since the memorable day in the July of 1877 that the then Princess of Wales honoured Newmarket with her presence to see her husband's colours carried for the first time. The Queen was accompanied during her drive from Windsor to the course by the Prince and Princess of Wales and by the venerable Duke of Cambridge, to whom Her Majesty

never loses an opportunity of showing regard and affection. Both the Queen and the Princess of Wales wore costumes which might be fitly described as symphonies in white and mauve.

There is something pleasant in the thought that many Americans, and especially fair American women, should be taking so hearty an interest in the Coronation. Quite a number of our most beautiful Peeresses began life as daughters not of John Bull, but of Uncle Sam, and among untitled American women who are Coronating this week may be especially mentioned Mrs. Arthur Fay, the popular lady to whom the Society of American Women

owes so much, and Mrs. Edward Jaffray, who, though bearing an honoured English name, is an American, as is also the Baroness de Bush. Lady Grey-Egerton, one of the prettiest of the many erstwhile American belles who have found a happy home in this country, has long been a favourite with their Majesties. As Miss Wayne Cuyler, she was a great deal in Europe, and, though devoted to her own land and to her own people, she is enthusiastically loyal. It is said that Lady Grey-Egerton will be one of the few wives of Baronets present at the Coronation.



THE KING'S BOAT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA WATER.

Queen Alexandra.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN THE NEW ROYAL STAND AT ASCOT.



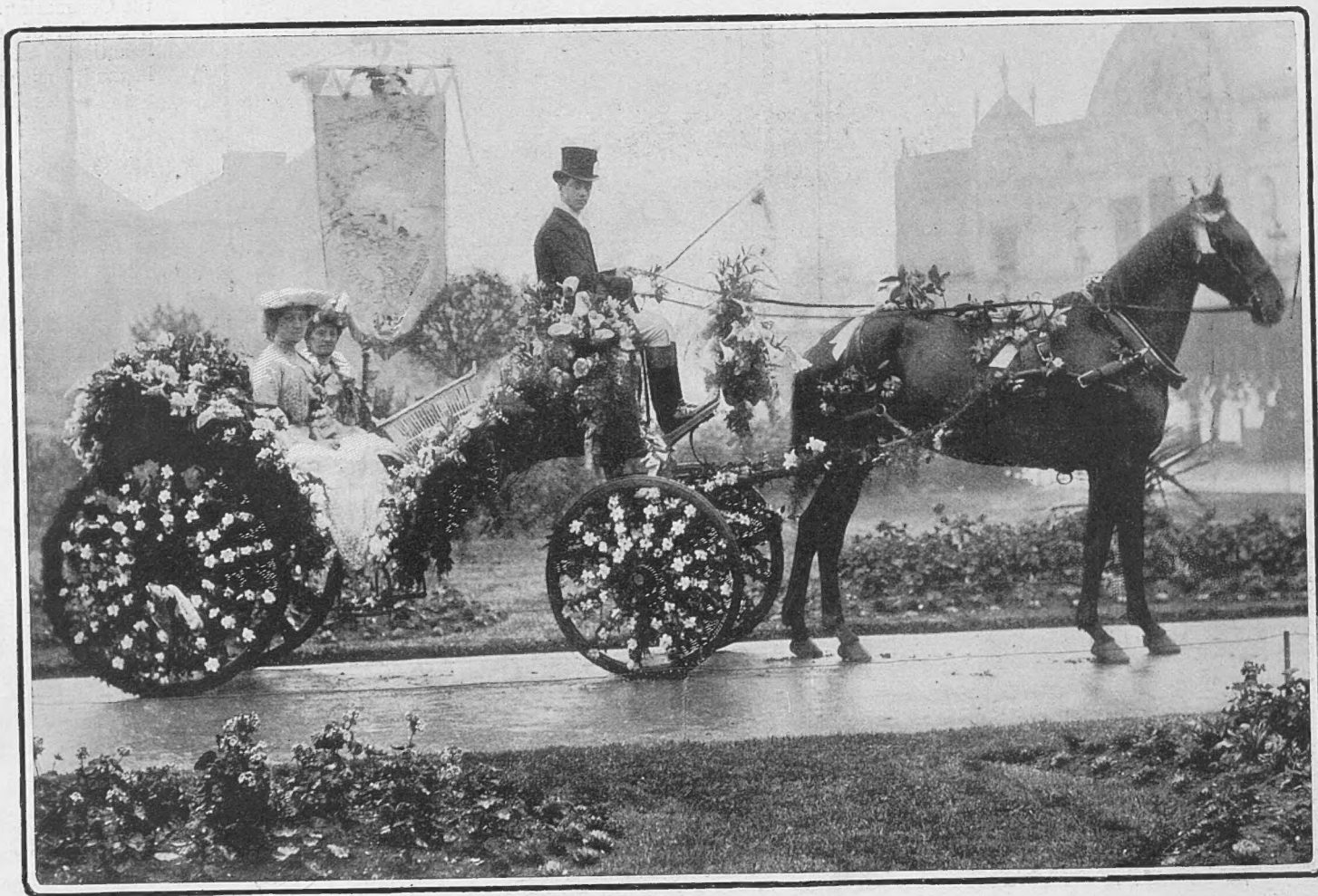
*The Premiers at Play.*

The Colonial Premiers are having a busy and a pleasant fortnight, and they, at any rate, will not be able to complain of British hospitality. Yesterday they visited Stoke and went through the potteries, being entertained in the evening by Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain in their fine town house in Prince's Gardens. To-day (25th) they are to be received by their Majesties in Buckingham Palace, and this evening they will be entertained by the Prince of Wales at dinner in the historic State Rooms of St. James's Palace. To-morrow they will see the Coronation from specially good places, and their wives will be equally honoured. Those of them who care to do so, and probably few will refuse to avail themselves of the privilege, will also witness the imposing Naval Review under the pleasantest auspices. On Monday, the Colonial Premiers who cannot obtain seats for the gala performance at the Opera will be able to enjoy "David Garrick," at Wyndham's. On Tuesday comes the Royal garden-party at Windsor, a banquet at the Inner Temple Hall, and receptions at Lansdowne House and at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, for it is there that Lord Strathcona has chosen to meet many of his old friends. To-day week the British Empire League hope to enjoy good weather for their water-party at Taplow Court, and in the evening of the same day those Premiers who are not too tired will

undertaken to supply so many hundreds of meals are face to face with the awful truth that they must take what they can get, and pay what they are asked to pay. Happy is the man who has secured a fair seat and a meal for a couple of guineas! He who sold the accommodation and refreshment at that price is less likely to find a credit balance when his pass-book comes home.

*Roses and Rain at Earl's Court.*

That most annoying and fickle person, the Clerk of the Weather, showed singularly little sympathy with the organisers of the French Charity Fêtes at Earl's Court. Roses and rain on occasions of this sort mingle as badly as oil and water; but, in spite of the climatic drawbacks experienced, more especially on the first day, the proceedings may still be ranked as a success, a success achieved only by the sheer goodwill and gaiety of spectators and participants who cheerfully risked health and elaborate toilettes in the endeavour to entertain. On the first day, the "Procession of Flowers," as the line of decorated carriages had been designated, emerged from the shelter of the theatre during a lull in the storm, only to meet another downpour. Umbrellas, however, could not mar the daintiness and charm of the flower-covered vehicles, preceded by stewards wearing tricolour scarves and carrying gold wands, and led by a "creation" of peonies and pink



MRS. KIRALFY'S CARRIAGE, WHICH WON A PRIZE BANNER AT THE FRENCH CHARITY FÊTES AT EARL'S COURT.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.

proceed to Her Majesty's Theatre, where, after the play, they will be received on the stage by Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree. To-morrow week the Premiers will enjoy the City's hospitality at the Guildhall, and in the evening Sir Henry Irving gives a reception in their honour at the Lyceum Theatre. On Friday, Mr. Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist and British M.P., gives a dinner to the Premiers in Carlton House Terrace. On the Saturday, those of our Colonial visitors who are horse lovers and horse-breeders—and many of them are—will thoroughly enjoy being present at Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt's sale of Arab horses at Crabbet Park. Not till the week following will take place the great Empire Coronation Banquet, presided over by Mr. Chamberlain, at the Guildhall.

*Coronation Caterers.*

People who have taken rooms for the Coronation are, perhaps, disposed to regard prices for refreshments with some approach to disfavour, but, if half the stories I have heard in the past fortnight are reliable, the caterer is not a happy man. I hear that the demand for knives, forks, plates, glasses, and table-linen has been so great that towns nearly a hundred miles from London have been called upon to send up all the stock they keep for hire. Waiters and cooks are commanding prices that do not compare unfavourably with the fees paid to budding prima donnas. With regard to food, it is an open secret that immense stores of good things have been made up and put into ice-store for many weeks past, and at the eleventh hour contractors who have

roses, followed by another with lilies, marguerites, and pink roses. The same carriages reappeared on the second of the three days, supplemented by bicycles, tricycles, and tandems with their wheels a mass of blossom.

*"The Real Siberia."*

Mr. John Foster Fraser (the "J. F. F." whose page of cycling gossip has long been a feature of *The Sketch*) has just published (Cassell and Co.) a book which can hardly fail to be of great interest at the present time. Mr. Fraser spent last autumn in traversing Siberia from end to end. He makes no secret that he went there with the average Britisher's prejudice against everything Russian, and, with the keen eye of the practised journalist, looked forward to making some striking "copy" out of convict scenes and so on. He found Siberia quite different from what he had expected, and he is full of enthusiasm about the agricultural and commercial possibilities of that enormous country. The old order in Siberia has passed away, and Mr. Fraser rather paints it as another Canada. He gives a picturesque and, at the same time, instructive account of his journey along the great Siberian Railway—it is certainly the best account of that wonderful highway that has so far appeared. Besides travelling from Moscow to Vladivostok, Mr. Fraser made a rather adventurous dash across Manchuria, which at the time was closed to foreigners by the Russians. He travelled on the top of waggons, had to rough it, and ran many risks.



*The Chinese Envoy.* The corridors of the Hôtel Cecil and the neighbourhood of the Strand have had of late an unaccustomed touch of Oriental magnificence, in consequence of the presence of Prince Chên, who was one of the earliest arrivals of the representatives of foreign Sovereigns to do honour to the Coronation of the King. His retinue consists of no fewer than forty grave-faced, sad-eyed sons of the Celestial Empire, whose numbers mark his importance. Of a serious turn of mind himself, he has long, he says, been imbued with a sense of the magnificence of England, and greatly desired to have an opportunity of paying us that visit which the Coronation has afforded him. He has certainly had no cause to be dissatisfied with the way in which he has been received, for on his arrival at Dover the Lord Mayor and Corporation tendered him an official greeting which was sincerely pleasant. The Prince is, it is said, impressed with the possibilities of the extension of trade relations between the two countries, and his mission is expected to have a practical result which will be of benefit not only to China but to us.

*Envoys from Morocco.*

I note that Morocco's representative at the Coronation, Kaid Abderrahman ben Abdesadak, whose name gives so much trouble to compositors, is Governor of Fez, Morocco's Northern Capital, and I wonder whether he will find his office vacant when he returns. It is an extraordinary fact that, so soon as a highly placed Moor leaves his country as an Envoy, his enemies start intriguing against him, generally with success. Years ago, when Morocco sent an Envoy to Queen Victoria, he was degraded and imprisoned on his return; the Envoy to King Edward who came to London last summer in charge of Sir Harry Maclean to congratulate the King upon his accession narrowly escaped a similar experience. He left in high favour with his Royal master, and when he landed on his return at Mazagan, and was received in silence and without honour of



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD ROBERTS.

*Taken by Foulsham and Ranfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

any sort, he realised at once that his enemies were in power. Without waiting for his escort, he started off in haste for Marrakesh, and, tired-out as he was with his long journey, managed to see the Sultan without delay, just in time.

Eastern potentates are in our midst and are living after the fashion of their own countries in the heart of London. One gorgeous gentleman, whose jewels probably excel those of any English lady in size and lustre, has brought over nearly one hundred and fifty native servants to minister to his wants while he stays with us, and his retinue includes many cunning cooks. Now, why do not some of our hotel-keepers endeavour to secure the services of a few Indian cooks who are accustomed to tickle the palates of Rajahs and Ranees? I have tasted most wonderful dishes in the East—dishes that are mainly vegetable and employ numerous herbs unknown to or ignored by our chefs. And, even if there is no place for these skilled foreigners at our leading hotels, what a chance there is for the promoters of the vegetarian movement! The vegetarian ideal is excellent, and vegetarian food would be quite popular with many people if it were only eatable. At present, it is rather worse than medicine to the average palate, but a few Indian cooks would alter all this. Only a capitalist is required, and the movement has one in the person of Mr. Arnold F. Hills, Chairman of the Thames Ironworks, sometime Director of certain penny steamboats that plied upon the bosom of the Thames. I believe Mr. Hills is a staunch supporter of vegetarianism.



OUR CORONATION VISITORS: PRINCE CHÊN AND SUITE.

*Photograph by Langfer, Old Bond Street, W.*

*Viscount Kitchener.* I discussed Lord Kitchener's appointment as Commander-in-Chief in India the other day with an Anglo-Indian who is in town for the Coronation. My friend tells me that the nomination is very differently received by different sections of Army men in India. Some very keen soldiers who have nothing but their capacity for work to recommend them look forward with keen pleasure to the arrival of our great General. Others, whose positions are, or have hitherto been, influenced by the intriguing element at Simla, would much prefer to see Viscount Kitchener usefully employed elsewhere. In short, as my informant put it, "the working bees are humming cheerfully and the drones are very sick." The feminine element, always a power in Indian military affairs, is likely to be seriously discounted when Viscount Kitchener is installed, and, naturally enough, that element will die fighting. Altogether, the great soldier is likely to have his hands very full when he reaches India, and will have very many difficulties to contend with. If he overcomes them, there will be some sweeping changes in the Indian military organisation, changes that will, of course, improve the efficiency of the Service.



*A Gorgeous Gala.*

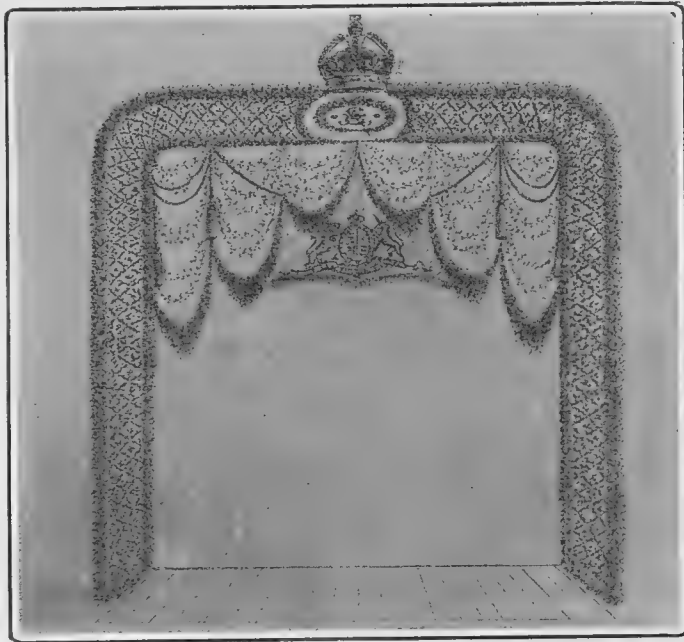
Society is more than usually thrilled by the prospect of next Monday's Gala Night at the Opera. Five years have gone by since the last Command performance took place, and, splendid as was that Jubilee Gala Night, its splendours will be completely eclipsed on this occasion. Gala-night arrangements are peculiar. Regular subscribers have to make way for those even greater than themselves, but, of course, by an unwritten law which will be easily recognised, they have a right to, at any rate, apply for those places which are unallotted. After all those who have the first claim have been considered, should any boxes remain unoccupied, the price of each will be a hundred guineas, while on the tier above the Grand Tier sixty guineas will be charged. The very few stalls which are available will be twenty guineas each, balcony stalls ten guineas each, and amphitheatre stalls four guineas and three guineas.

*The Floral Decorations.*

The floral decorations, which have been entrusted to that true artist, Mr. Harry Green, will transcend anything of the kind ever seen in any European Capital. The whole Opera House will be one huge bower of roses and orchids. One hundred thousand roses of every shade of pink will be used, and Mr. Green has aimed at keeping the whole general design Watteau in feeling and aspect. The Royal Box, which is really something like forty boxes knocked into one, all the partitions having been taken down, will be garlanded with orchids, purple, gold, and white, and a very beautiful and novel effect will be obtained by the use of leafy canopies, which will slope over the top of the boxes, being outlined and covered with fine traceries of exquisite blossoms.

*"'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."*

At a time when the thoughts of Englishmen are turned to the most stirring episodes in our national history, I notice in a foreign paper an advertisement of a house with twenty-four acres of orchard to be let or sold on the hills beyond Tangier. The notable fact connected with the place is

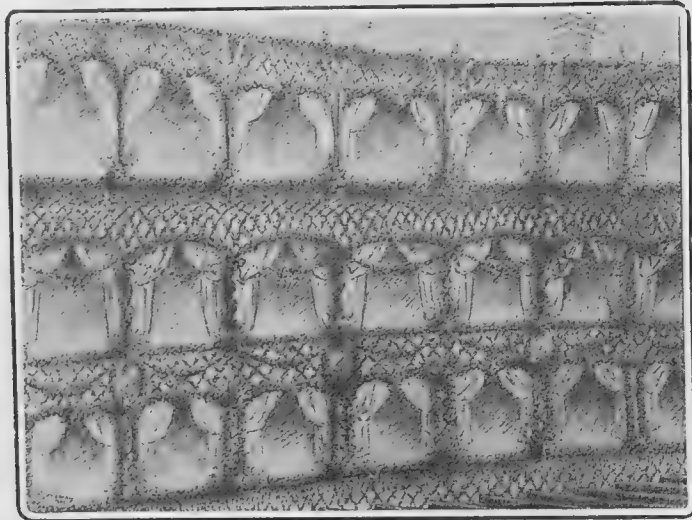


THE STAGE.

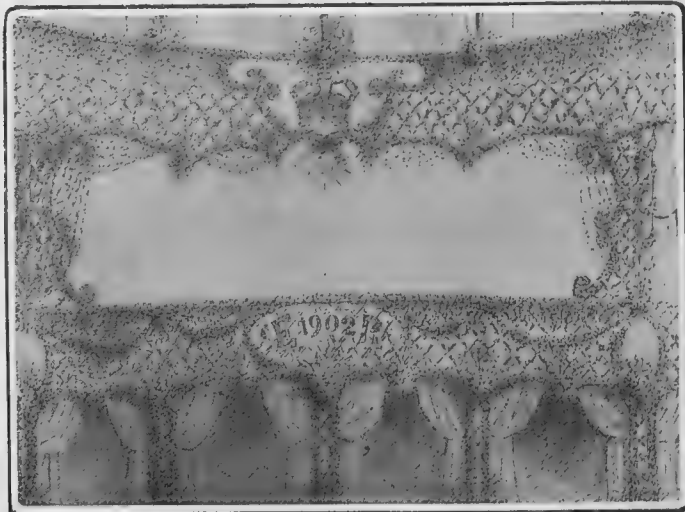
subjects (writes the German Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The occasion this time was no very important one. The celebrated "Germanische Museum" at Nürnberg, that most picturesque of German towns, was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Still, the event was thought worthy of His Majesty's presence, so the usual quantum of speechifying was duly indulged in, and the Kaiser, as usual, made a speech. His Majesty spoke in glowing terms of black eagles on gold fields, of "Burggrafs" and other "Grafs," or Counts, of former discord and present concord, and finally called for three cheers for the Prince Regent of Bavaria. The speech was striking and picturesque; the Kaiser is a good speaker and has a vivid imagination, and never fails to carry his audience with him when addressing them. It is a curious fact that His Majesty hardly ever presides over any large meeting without making some reference to his late grandfather, William I.; the late Emperor Frederick is seldom mentioned. After His Majesty had duly delivered the seals of all the German Emperors over to the Museum in a casket presented by himself, he read the document

in which the seals were formally dedicated, and in which the inevitable reference above alluded to was made to his illustrious grandfather. It reads to English ears very wordy and pompous and grandiloquent, but is suited exactly to the taste of Germans, who delight in nothing so much as substantial, richly larded dishes in the figurative as well as in the literal sense. The seals handed over to the keepers of the Museum date from 752 to 1806. The casket, or rather, cupboard, which contains them stands no less than ten feet high, and is very handsome and effective. After the day's proceedings were closed, their Majesties drove round the quaint old town, which was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, and received the enthusiastic ovations of the festive inhabitants.

*"The Immortals" in Trouble.* The Parisians are savagely gay over the trouble of M. Hanotaux, who was Foreign Minister when the British decided to reconquer the Soudan. When



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BOXES.



THE ROYAL BOX.

HOW COVENT GARDEN WILL LOOK ON GALA NIGHT.

that it overlooks the site of the Battle of Trafalgar, and the happy possessor can look out over the historic waters from the shady places of an orchard full of lemons, grapes, oranges, and other southern fruits. The place is in rather a dilapidated condition, says the advertisement, with a candour that would shock a British auctioneer. Perhaps the view is supposed to cover all other defects. Trafalgar seems a long way off to-day, but some few years ago there was an old Moor living on the hills round Cape Spartel who claimed to have seen the famous battle from the heights where he was tending his sheep. For aught I know, that shepherd may still be among the living; though it is six or seven years since I heard of him.

*The German Emperor.*

The Kaiser has been again hard at work embracing Princes, Dukes, and other dignitaries on railway platforms, listening to addresses—from Burgomasters and civil magnates, receiving lovely bouquets from poetry-reciting damsels, and generally making himself agreeable to all his

the Czar came to Paris, the Czarina openly declared that she should never be happy till M. Hanotaux was a member of the "Immortal Forty." This led to the doors being opened to the author of the "Life of Richelieu." What was a *secret de polichinelle* to those behind the scenes is now common property. In a weak moment he gazed upon Mlle. Verlaine, the charming actress of the Bouffes-Parisiens. But Mlle. Verlaine had no idea of accepting the abrupt manner in which Hanotaux, Academician, author, and Minister, broke off their friendship, and followed him about. The crisis came when she was arrested at the reception by the Academy of M. de Vogüé. It is curious that she was in the private carriage of another Academician, and, what with Gross of Chicago and his "Cyrano" plagiarism charge against Rostand, things are going badly with the "Forty."

—Miss Florence White, the lady publisher, announces a new illustrated weekly paper for the home, the first number of which is to be published in July.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Coronation.* Paris has certainly taken over the Coronation as a national event—I mean, a French national event (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The Czar was crowned since the Alliance projects; so were the Queen of Holland and King of Spain, but little attention was paid to the events. The French



MDLLE. ODETTE DULAC, APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE NEXT MONTH.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

publishers who bring out a journal on the slightest provocation could, I believe, have made money with *Edouard VII. au jour le jour*. The smallest French schoolboy loses his confidence in Louis XV. as he reads the descriptions of the marvels of the Crown, with its countless precious stones; the prospect of the historic spectacle bewilders the oldest partisans of the Bourbon régime; and the Democrats wonder what manner of man the King can be who treats State affairs in the morning; joins in the pleasures of his people in the afternoon on the racecourse, pays his tribute to the drama or the opera at night, and keeps it up day in and night out. The little illness of His Majesty gave the French a chance of understanding and cordially appreciating the heavy task that falls on the shoulders of the Ruler of the British Empire.

I have rarely seen a more magnificent gathering than that which attended the reception at the Embassy on Saturday. Falling, as it did, on the very apothecosis of the Grande Semaine, every one in the world's aristocracy of literature and fame was present, and it was the event of the year. Since the days of Lord Lyons no such luxury has been seen at the stern-looking house in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Sir Edmund Monson, who has generally had the reputation of being a nervous host, on this occasion did his duty by the King's cause with compliments to the ladies, repartee with the men, and an unfailing charm with all his guests. It is a pity that the beauty of the gardens, which are the glory of the Embassy, could be enjoyed only by those who trifle with pneumonia.

*A Real "Entente Cordiale."* Everything seemed to work to ensure a real *entente cordiale* over the Coronation. Sarah

Bernhardt was in London, so was Réjane, so was Jane Hading. And all the artistes were sending over enthusiastic accounts of their reception, while Sarah announced that she would treat the Parisians to "King Arthur" and "Macbeth" this autumn. Two prominent newspapers started to publish Charles Dickens, selecting "Oliver Twist" and "A Tale of Two Cities." The Grand Prix was won by Pratt, an English jockey, just at the moment when the French were rising in their wrath at the American hypodermic syringe and electric-spurs gentlemen. The music-halls give preference to their English artistes; and, in point of fact, it is England and France hand-in-hand for the moment, and the few sorry reputed scribes that look on and moan can be forgiven and forgotten. The King has not only seen Peace with the Boers but with intelligent France.

*The Wandering Advertisement.*

Strangers to Paris life must have been astounded at the Grand Prix at Longchamps by the presence, in heavy, stormy weather, of groups of girls of exquisite beauty and shape in the daintiest attire, while all the ladies of the fashionable world were in semi-autumnal garb, and the bulk of them in waterproofs. These poor girls, I may mention, to clear up a mystery I have a long time tried to unravel, are the models of famous costumiers. Their duty is to wander about as elegantly as possible, and, in case of inquiry from any wealthy *mondaine*, to give the name of the firm they represent. The defeat of Sceptre in the Grand Prix was a terrible blow to the English. I saw the race from start to finish, and the English crack seemed to be under the impression that it was holding a "watching brief."

*Mdlle. Odette Dulac.*

"The Grisette of Poetry and Music" is the title by which Mdle. Odette Dulac, who goes to the Empire Theatre early next month, has been re-christened by her admirers in Paris, where she is a great favourite. Like some of our own music-hall favourites, she was an actress and a singer before she took to the Variety stage, having appeared at the Gaité and the Bouffes, among other houses in Paris, and was particularly successful in "Le Petit Duc" and "Le Petit Michu." Since those days she has been singing sentimental songs of the period of 1830 and of the Second Empire, mingled with those of a very modern type. Having a style of her own, it would be difficult to compare her with any of our acknowledged leading actresses or singers.

*Miss Sadie Martinot.*

What Miss Marie Tempest is to the English stage, that Miss Sadie Martinot is to the American—a singer who, having won the premier place on the light operatic stage, turned her attention to the drama proper. Instead of devoting herself, however, to comedy, like Miss Tempest, Miss Martinot has also acted strongly emotional parts, and succeeded in them—a remarkable triumph. Thus, when Miss Olga Nethersole fell ill in America while acting Sapho, Miss Martinot took up that very trying part, and played it to the satisfaction both of the critics and the audiences, so that the dates previously booked were able to be filled. Last season she played the heroine in "The Marriage Game," Mr. Clyde Fitch's adaptation of Augier's

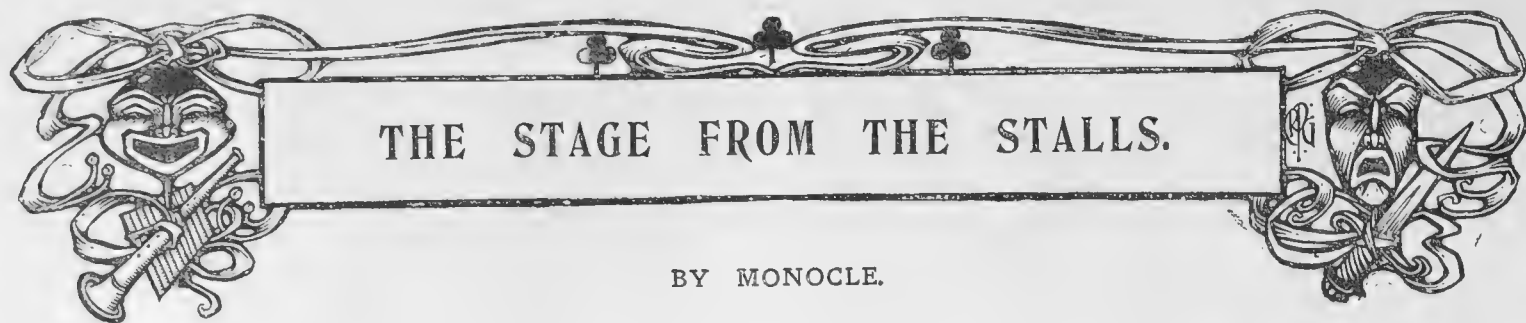


MISS SADIE MARTINOT, SISTER-IN-LAW TO MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

Photograph by Mareau, New York.

"Le Mariage d'Olympe," under the management of her husband, Mr. Louis Nethersole, who is managing his sister's season so skilfully at the Adelphi. So great is Miss Martinot's versatility that she is invariably called "The American Réjane."





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"JEDBURY JUNIOR," "MONNA VANNA," AND CHARLOTTE WIEHE.

IT is a remarkable fact that a real "howling" failure by a dramatist of reputation such as Mrs. Ryley should be followed immediately by the successful revival of one of her earliest works. "Jedbury Junior," reproduced at the Shaftesbury for only a short run, certainly is not much of a play. It is as full of faults as a net of holes, yet somehow contrives to be more agreeable than many a play apparently of far greater merit. The critic hastens to explain the reason of this, because it is his business to explain everything, and finds no explanation, for to use such a phrase as "indefinable charm" is merely to admit a failure to explain. Brilliance of dialogue, ingenuity of construction, coherence, and plausibility are absent, but laughter was present, and laughter is better than all of these when it is kindly. The Trinidad marriage—originally, Tierra del Fuego was the place—belongs to the wildest farce; but the passages of light sentiment tell, and the dance of the heroine outside the ball-room and her moment of anxiety when uncertain whether she is married to Jedbury *père* or Jedbury *fils* hit the mark. Miss Grace Lane, a charming young actress much in evidence this season, plays skilfully the part originally taken by Miss Maude Millett, whose absence from the stage we deplore. Mr. Cosmo Stuart acted cleverly as the character called Mr. Glibb because he is silent, and Mr. W. Wyes was amusing.

"Monna Vanna" has had a splendid advertisement from its prohibition by the Censor, the result of which has been its presentation as a Club entertainment and not as a public performance. I am too human to deal with the play without a passing word as to the prohibition. For a long time there have been complaints about the laxity of Mr. Redford, the Reader of Plays. The list of pieces sanctioned by him containing matter immoral or indecent, or both, is formidable, and under his reign the *succès de scandale* have been rife, though I am glad to add that they have been more numerous than profitable. The careful observer discovered a curious kind of consistency in his conduct, which may be summed up in the phrase, "The worse the play, the greater the licence." After one or two productions of this year, one might have fancied that he had committed what I at least would consider a "happy despatch" and dropped out of practical existence. He has suddenly come to life to misuse his office by prohibiting a dignified, beautiful work of art, written by a playwright of a world-wide reputation, with noble purpose, and dealing with a difficult topic in a way that does not show the least desire to be shocking. For "Monna Vanna" may or may not be a masterpiece, but indisputably contains a long love-scene of amazing merit, one which, I believe, is likely to take an enduring place in literature. Parts of the work may to the idle playgoer seem a little dull, and the ending appears to almost everybody unsatisfactory, though the penultimate scenes are powerful and moving.

The piece comes curiously in the history of its author's development, and I, for one, regret his change of style. The early Maeterlincks are the work of a poet with dramatic ideas; the present is the piece of a dramatist with poetic thoughts. The word "poet" in relation to this is rather curious, seeing that the author's formal book of poems, under the title of "Serres Chaudes," displays, I think, small lyrical gifts. However, one recognises the poetical power in Ruskin, in De Quincey with his translated analects from Richter and "Levana and our Ladies of Sorrow," to say nothing of Jean-Paul and others who never lisped quite successfully in numbers. I miss sadly the strange word-music of such plays as "Pelléas et Mélisande," which, naturally, were jeered at by people to whom French is Greek. Perhaps "Monna Vanna" could hardly be worked in the "La Princesse Maleine" manner, and I am not confident that the author would have been successful if he had put it into verse. The prose has a strangeness which gives one the idea that he writes with difficulty, an idea that seems falsified when, as often happens, his words permit a beautiful thought to emerge successfully.

By now anyone who takes an interest in drama knows all about the play, or, at least, can tell the story of the woman willing to sacrifice her chastity to save her fellow-citizens; of the man who, loving her passionately, demanded the sacrifice, and loved her so exquisitely that he refused to take it; of the husband, heroic kind of earthy man, noble in a sort of baseness, whose utter inability to believe in his wife in part caused her suddenly to love passionately the man who had not been her lover, and adopt a device, a sadly theatrical device, to save him and to benefit herself in his safety by giving him that which he could have demanded but did not ask because it was not freely offered. Officially, it is very shocking; unofficially, dignified and beautiful. I suppose some people will get rather tired by Marco, father of Guido, the

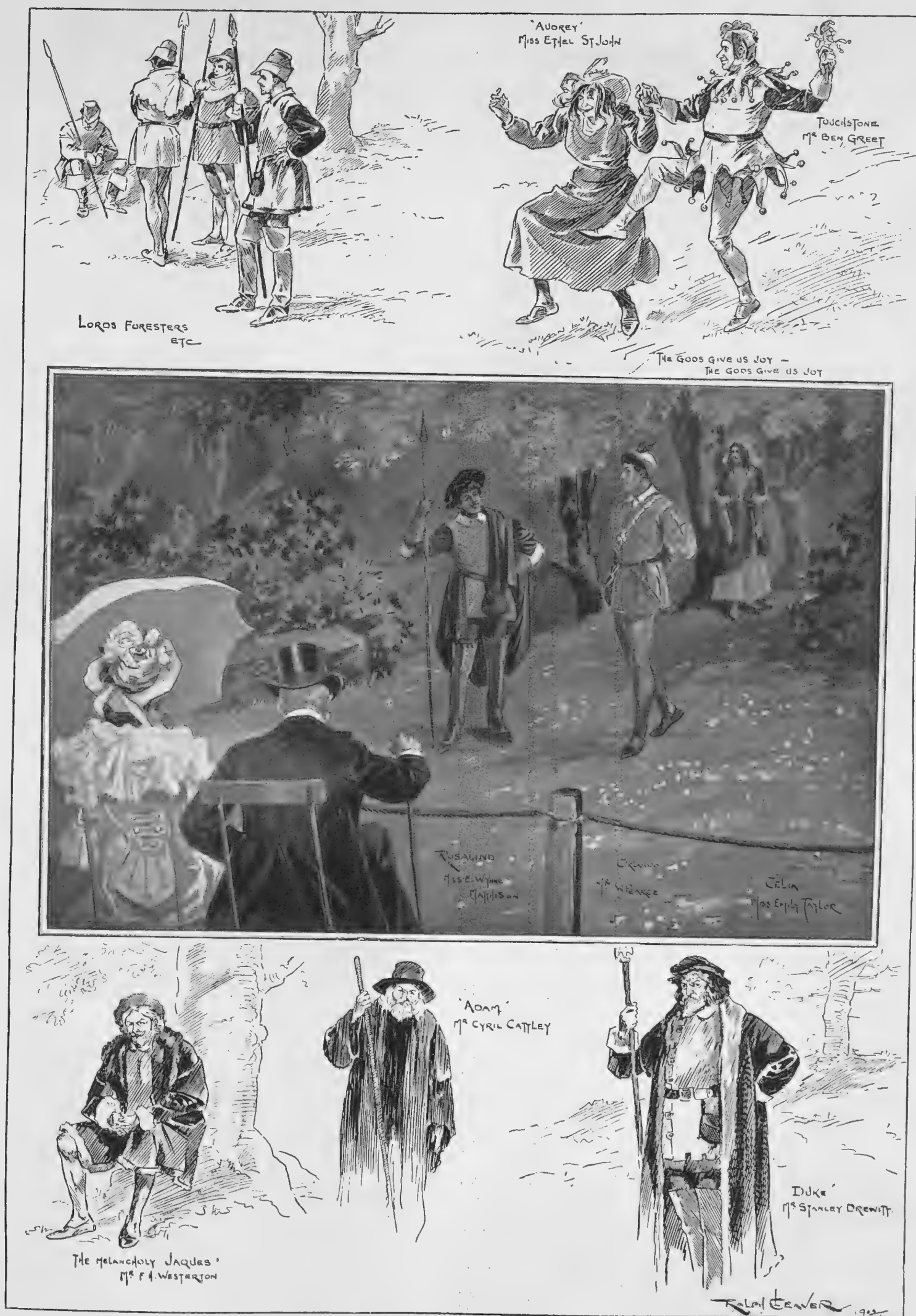
unlucky husband, who is a wise, philosophic, elderly man, with what may seem rather too many words to the bushel. I trace in him descent from the old King Arkel in "Pelléas et Mélisande," who, curiously enough, talks very wisely without falling into platitudes. No doubt, to some extent he is used as a means of expressing Maeterlinck's views of life, but on the stage such a character, when it has a tendency to verbosity, is not unlikely to become a little tiresome. The husband, Guido, has few strings to his lute—the string of fatuous incredulity as to his wife's willingness to sacrifice her and his honour to save the city, and the string of incredulity as to Prinziville's chivalrous respect for Monna Vanna; and, whilst he has few strings, he plays many tunes and long. He is a man with grievances, and from such men may Providence protect playgoers. The character is drawn, perhaps, too admirably. It is possible to draw a character too well, and I have known stage bores who, unfortunately, brought the scent of boredom across the footlights.

The play, though given under most disadvantageous circumstances, acted admirably; the long scenes seemed shorter than I expected, and the character of Marco, superbly rendered by M. Lugné-Poë, was deeply interesting; indeed, the most interesting old philosopher on the stage that I can recollect. The scene in the tent was less beautiful than I hoped. Madame Leblanc, though excellent in the other Acts, showed a lack of tragic style: indeed, there were moments when she almost seemed to be paying an ordinary call; moreover, M. Albert Darmont, the Guido, a really powerful actor, seemed far too "beefy" to represent a character that Mr. Forbes-Robertson would play perfectly. M. Froment acted very ably as the unfortunate husband; neither he nor M. Darmont succeeded in suiting their style to the smallness of the house, and effects of power which would have been valuable in a full-sized theatre were rather oppressive. Despite all this, and the fact that there were many other disadvantages, such as the vileness of the scenery, the stifling heat of the room, the wickedness of the unladylike *matinée*-hats—the floor has no rake—and the length of the waits, the production of "Monna Vanna" was one of the most enthralling events of the season, and it makes one feel very bitter that the stupidity of the Censor should have prevented public performance.

Even more clearly in performance than when read does the play show itself to be a dignified, beautiful work of art which any theatre in the world should be proud to present. I do not pretend that it is flawless. There are moments when there is too much of the author, who sometimes uses the mouth of Vanna for expressing his ideas and not hers—the ideas themselves are well worthy of a hearing, but the tendency to be didactic by means of the heroine is unfortunate. Moreover, at times there is an obscurity, a complexity of phraseology, which renders it difficult to grasp the ideas: no doubt, this may be charged against Shakspeare, many of whose noblest passages would be unintelligible to a person who heard them on the stage for the first time. Lastly, the actual ending of the play seems utterly wrong: it is a tragedy distorted. No play could seem to march more surely towards a tragic ending, and the little device for securing a happy conclusion is painfully theatrical and unsatisfactory. It is even rather ridiculous, since the facts show that the lovers have no real chance of escape.

The programme boldly told us that "Mrs." Charlotte Wiehe is "Réjane and Judic combined in a single artiste: she has the light delicacy, the tender mutiny of the one, the communicative gaiety and froicsomeness (*sic*) of the other." Why, alas, is the statement on the programme unsupported by the performance of the lady? St. George's Hall would not hold a tenth of us if the statement were true. Perhaps one must make an allowance for the author's ignorance of our tongue, for throughout the very comical remarks on the programme, which, as a work of humour, is worth the money, there is a foreign accent almost as strong as that of "Mrs." Wiehe when she speaks French. Certainly the lady is very clever in her pantomime, "La Main," and there is ingenuity, though a curious lack of charm and want of finesse, in her acting as "Colombine." "La Main" has been seen before, and is a well-built, effective, little dumb-show piece. The Company is good, and includes one or two very clever people, such as M. Le Gallo, who, in "Le Phoque," gave a remarkably amusing performance in a thoroughly old-fashioned farce. Perhaps Mrs. Wiehe is not "Réjane and Judic combined," and perhaps the statement that "she played with equal talent in each, 'Frou-Frou' and 'La Poupée,'" does not suggest a great performance in either, but certainly she is clever as a mime.





MR. BEN GREET AND HIS PASTORAL PLAYERS IN "AS YOU LIKE IT,"

AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## HOUSES LENT TO THE KING FOR THE CORONATION.

FIVE of the "show" houses of London, beautiful in themselves and full of historic interest, are among those lent to the King for the Coronation period—Chesterfield House, Harcourt House, Wimborne House, Dorchester House, and 4, Buckingham Gate. Other houses number the Dowager Lady Magheramorne's, and



THE CORRIDOR, WIMBORNE HOUSE.

three others in Grosvenor Gardens, Moray Lodge, and 70, Cadogan Square. The two last house the Rajah of Jaipur and the Rajah of Kolapur respectively. Some of the "lenders," it is said, stipulated that Orientals should not inhabit their houses. They remember still the damage done to Dorchester House by the Shahzada and his entourage. The ordinary civilised *chef* objects to his kitchen being used as a slaughter-house just as much as the Peer, his master, objects to his pictures and priceless carvings being brought into service as targets for the knives of the "distinguished Indian visitors."

Lord Burton is the fortunate owner of Chesterfield House, which was built by Lord Chesterfield in 1749. In the library, the famous "Letters" to his son were written. The room, with its curious little boudoir within, has been altered much since then, but the lines from Horace still run under the cornice—

*Nunc veterum libris nunc somno et inertibus horis,  
Ducere solitæ jucunda oblivæ vitæ.*

In its present form the library is amongst the most beautiful in London. Very lofty, it is lined with long, low bookshelves. Above these and set into the panelled walls in carved frames are portraits by Reynolds, Raeburn, Opie, Hoppner, Gainsborough, and other famous painters, of equally famous people in the world of literature and art. Lord Burton's wonderful collection of pictures is the envy of the world. In the large dining-room are eight of Gainsborough's unequalled portraits, while the walls of all the other rooms in the house bear pictures by the greatest English painters. What a sensational sale one can imagine if ever this collection should come under the auctioneer's hammer! Happily, this is never likely to happen, for surely America would swoop down on the whole.

The fine marble double staircase, with its bronze balustrade, together with the portico, was brought from Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos at Edgware. Twice in recent years Chesterfield House has sheltered Royalties. At the Jubilee, the King and Queen of Italy stayed there, and for the Queen's funeral three European Princes were the guests of Lord and Lady Burton.

Wimborne House is in the "Ministerial street," as Horace Walpole called Arlington Street in a letter to one of the inhabitants in 1743. "Ministerial street" it is still, though this row of mansions overlooking the Green Park has changed hands many times since then. Many owners have each left their mark on Wimborne House. The Duke of Beaufort, who is responsible for the introduction of the Italian style of fresco in London houses, decorated much of the house with the splendid work of E. Latilla. Mr. Owen Jones was called in when the great Red Drawing-room was decorated, and he was

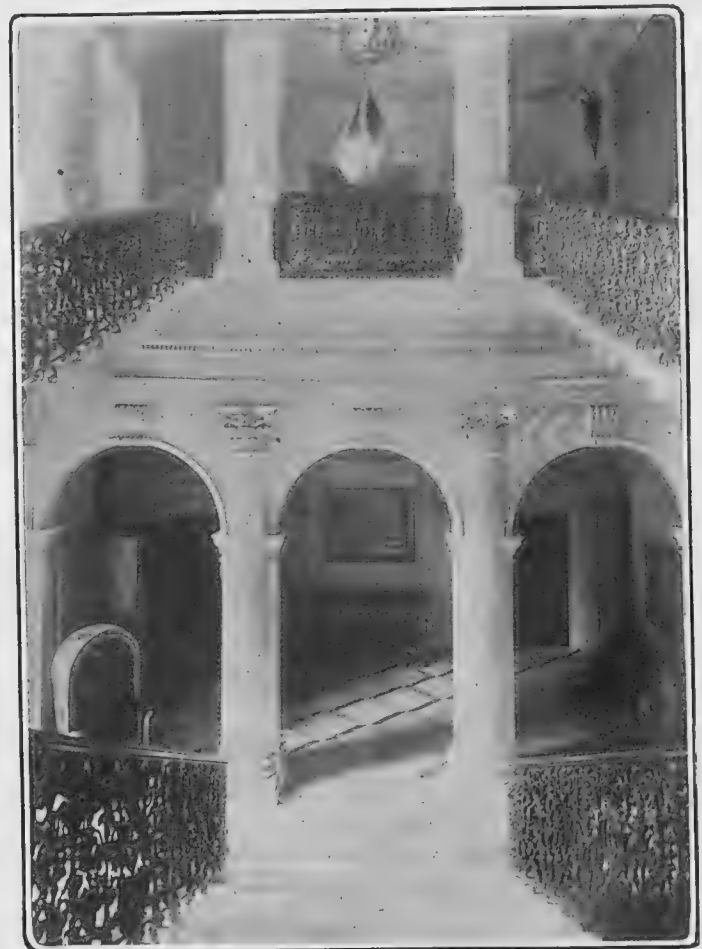
wonderfully successful in preserving the foreign style of Latilla. The carved and painted ceiling is very grand and quite unsurpassed in England.

The Hamiltons left their traces in the heraldic designs of the fireplace. Their coat-of-arms and crest, with the motto "Thorough," seem to face one wherever one turns. Lord Wimborne, who is a great admirer of the foreign and somewhat florid style of decoration, built the large ball-room, with its wondrous vaulted, carved, and painted ceiling. He is also responsible for the frescoed corridor with outlook into the spacious conservatory. Many of the rooms are lighted only from the roof, and the effect is charming in a London house.

Harcourt House, with its wings, its carriage portal, its large courtyard, and massive outer walls, is the last of the great hotels of an age of stately mansions. It was standing upon the "perron" of this house and bidding Lord George Bentinck farewell that Disraeli made his famous speech: "God bless you! We must work, and the country will come round us." It was the other, however, who "worked." At present the house is owned by Lord Breadalbane, but it was for long the London residence of the Duke of Portland, and, previous to that, the Harcourts had it. Benson, Lord Bingley, built it in 1772.

Lord Braye bought 4, Buckingham Gate, in comparatively recent years. Mrs. Mackay occupied it at one time, and, after the bankruptcy of Lord Sudeley, it was in liquidation for some time. The dining-room boasts an unique mural decoration. Let into the dado are thirteen carvings in cork of the famous pictures of Landseer, each a perfect little gem. The house contains many pictures, all copies of the masters in the collection of Lord Braye which he keeps at his country seat. The ball-room is very spacious and the only one on the Westminster side of the Palace. The Rajah of Sindhia is staying here.

"The Corona of Royalty" (James Blackwood and Co.) is a neat little book of some hundred and thirty pages of interesting letter-press and many quaint illustrations. Its authors (Miss Laura Bennett and Miss Emily Dorman) dedicate it "To all loyal subjects of their Most Gracious Majesties . . . trusting it may add to their knowledge of the past and their ever-deepening interest in the present Coronation." This it should most certainly do. The greater part of the book is devoted to an account of Coronations from the Anglo-Saxon period to Hanoverian times, for which many authorities have been consulted, and in an Appendix a brief but comprehensive account is given of the ceremony to be performed in the Abbey to-morrow.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE, CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.



HOUSES LENT TO THE KING FOR THE CORONATION.

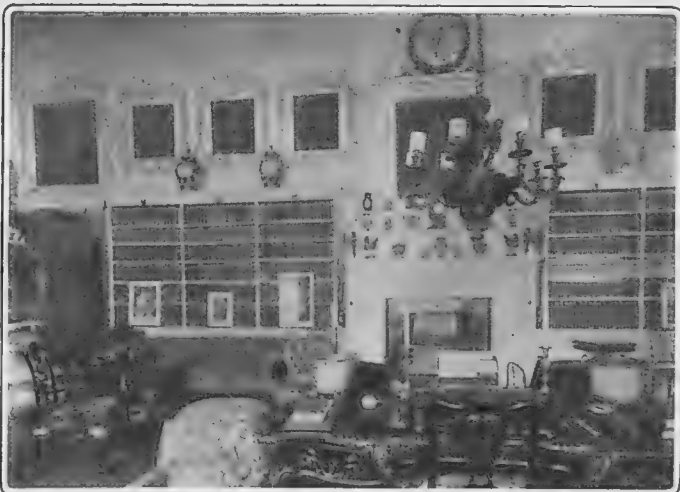


THE RED DRAWING-ROOM.



THE DINING-ROOM.

WIMBORNE HOUSE, OCCUPIED BY PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA AND SUITE.



CHESTERFIELD HOUSE (THE LIBRARY), OCCUPIED BY THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.



HARCOURT HOUSE (THE ENTRANCE HALL), OCCUPIED BY THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



THE DRAWING-ROOM, HARCOURT HOUSE.



THE DINING-ROOM, HARCOURT HOUSE.



## MRS. BROWN-POTTER,

THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS WHO DID PLAY CALYPSO AT HER MAJESTY'S

TO those who know Mrs. Brown-Potter on the stage, the incarnation of the passion-riven woman, either gifted with immortality as a goddess, or animated only with the breath of mortal clay, the interview on the opposite page will come as a revelation. There is no glamour of the footlights, no suggestion of



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AND HER SHETLAND PONIES, "TWEEDLEDUM" AND "TWEEDLEDEE."

the impersonation of a being other than herself. There is only the natural woman, artistic because Art is the essence of her nature, charming with the allure which escapes even the alchemy of the sun-god, and beautiful not only in feature, but with the superadded beauty of expression which dies almost in the instant it is born.

Ten minutes' drive from Maidenhead to the "Fishery Estate" is situated the home which Mrs. Brown-Potter has built for herself on the bank of the Thames, flowing softly at the bottom of the lawn which constant mowing keeps as level as the proverbial billiard-table. Like everything else connected with her house in which she takes a natural pride, Mrs. Brown-Potter sees to it herself that those lawns are kept in absolute perfection. The mowing-machine is pulled by a donkey rejoicing in the name of "Jo." "Jo" is a crank, and, as such, is dominated by moods. At times, he will run at an exceedingly rapid rate, even with the heavy mowing-machine at his heels. At other times, he will refuse to budge an inch. Then Mrs. Brown-Potter comes to the rescue and literally pulls him along until he sets about his work in proper fashion. "Jo," however, is not the only animal in which Mrs. Brown-Potter takes an interest. She has horses, dogs, birds, and other things to occupy her time when she is not studying and to interest her leisure hours. Perhaps, of them all, "Patsy," a little Irish terrier, takes the premier place, but "Jap," a valuable Japanese spaniel, and "Mick," with his rough coat and characteristic name, are jealous rivals for the favour of their mistress. Then there are the Shetland ponies which Mrs. Brown-Potter drives every day in her little American carriage. She bought a team of four up in the North herself, and the two mares have each had a foal since they were taken to Bray Lodge. They were both born during the time Mrs. Brown-Potter was playing Calypso at Her Majesty's. It was, therefore, inevitable that one should be called "Ulysses," while the other and younger rejoices in the name of "Calypso."

French poultry also claims a large share of Mrs. Brown-Potter's attention, and, probably, not a little of her pride. The birds are beautifully speckled and have tufted legs, so that they give a decidedly picturesque appearance to their part of the establishment. Not altogether æsthetic notions, however, dominate their being, for they fulfil a prosaically utilitarian function in the *ménage*. Truth to tell, the tenderest care is given to them, from the time the chickens emerge from the artificial warmth of the incubator in which they are hatched, in order that, when sufficiently grown and fattened, they may cease being fowls and become roast chicken to tempt the palate of their mistress.

In her roses, too, Mrs. Brown-Potter exhibits something of pride allied to her love of beauty. It is literally a case of "roses, roses, all the way," for the soil near the river is particularly suited to the growth of the blossoms which have been adopted as the emblem of the country, and Mrs. Brown-Potter cultivates a great variety of roses, so that she may have them at all times. Not roses only, but every blossoming plant attracts her attention, and gradually the walls of her home are being covered with creeping stalks and tendrils, which are slowly but surely hiding all the brickwork of the outer walls. The garden, indeed, is a never-ending source of pleasure to its fair mistress, but it shares that distinction with the river. Few women are more skilful with the punting-pole, and Mrs. Brown-Potter delights in nothing more than in going out in her own punt, accompanied by her secretary, or other friends who happen to be staying with her.

Pleasure, however, is not the only thing in her life in the country. There are hours devoted to study, for Mrs. Potter's services are in frequent request as a reciter, and she is constantly reading in order to find new subjects to which she can add the lustre of her art. Even before June came in, with sighs and tears instead of smiles and the joy of sunshine, she had begun to prepare for the Bristol Festival in October, when, accompanied by an orchestra of three hundred, she will recite "The Antigone," with Mendelssohn's music, and Björnson's "Bergliot," with the music of Grieg. With her secretary playing the music, she spends many an hour rehearsing these works in the oak music-room, which is chiefly ornamented with fine engravings of the Kings of England and sketches of Chinese tortures.

At Maidenhead, Mrs. Brown-Potter may be said to practically live entirely, for, although she has a house in town now, she frequently does not go to it for weeks at a time. Even when she was playing at Her Majesty's, she lived at her country home, going to town in time to act and returning by a late train in the evening after the performance.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS.

London is being pulled to pieces so rapidly that the snapshot of the amateur in the streets has a chance of acquiring an historic immortality. In a few years' time a panoramic photograph of the north side of the Strand, from the Gaiety Theatre eastward, will have a sentimental value for those of us who loved the "roaring Strand" at the end of the last century, while for the generation which will know only the modern buildings on the famous site it will be an absolute curiosity. It is to be hoped that such a photograph was taken before the hoardings went up, and that the Council of the National Photographic Association have secured a memorial of what the Strand was like. The Council are now appealing to amateurs to send to the British Museum collection photographs of representative local celebrations and views of the Coronation. Prints should be in platinum or some other permanent process. Even the humblest snapshot may some day have its value.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER ON THE RIVER WITH HER SECRETARY.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XIV.—MRS. BROWN-POTTER.



"HERE I AM, YOU SEE, WAITING TO BE  
'DISCOVERED.'"



"LET ME INTRODUCE 'CALYPSO,' MY  
BABY SHETLAND."



"YOU HAD BETTER MAKE A NOTE OF MY  
DEVOTION TO FLOWERS."



"AND DRAG IN SOMETHING ABOUT POULTRY  
AND DOMESTICITY."



"'JO' IS THE INCARNATION OF OBSTINACY. PERHAPS, IN A FORMER  
STATE, HE WAS A DRAMATIC AUTHOR."



"'JAP,' ON THE OTHER HAND, IS AS TRACTABLE  
AS A LEADING LADY."



"MORE DOGS."



"NOW I'LL DRIVE YOU TO THE  
STATION."

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*



# LAZY LEAVES

## FROM THE DIARY

### OF AN IDLE SUMMER.



#### VI.—CORONATION IN THE COUNTRY.

FROM the quiet places of my small garden I laugh at the vanity of London. The Metropolis prides itself upon certain preparations for Coronation, as though loyalty and enthusiasm on a magnificent scale had no existence outside the four-mile radius. Had London seen the local bill-sticker arrive in Maychester the other

morning, Metropolitan conceit would have suffered a wholesome shock. Market Waldron is the local habitation of the bill-sticker, and Market Waldron boasts, in addition to a bill-sticker, a Mayor, a workhouse, a Town Clerk, and a Parish Council. It is the town of the district, and stands on the hill-tops ten miles away from me as the crow is said to fly. So, when the bill-sticker reached Maychester and proceeded to the blank wall at the side of the Wheatsheaf, he had well-nigh a score of men, women, and children round him. His poster in red and black letters deserved even a larger audience. After invoking the Deity to protect King Edward VII., the poster declared that Market Waldron would celebrate the Coronation in appropriate fashion.

"At 10.30, the Mayor will proceed in State to the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. Leaving there, he will go in State to the Council Offices," said the poster. "He will propose a loyal address to His Most Gracious Majesty," it continued, adding that the Town Clerk would second the address. After that, the Mayor proceeds, still in State, to the school-rooms and addresses the assembled children. Thence, he goes to the large marquee under which working-men and women are to be entertained at dinner. His duties do not end there; a salute of twenty-one guns is to be fired from the cricket-ground, under the direction of the Mayor. Then there are to be sports, under the presidency of the Mayor. To be followed by prizes, distributed by the Mayor. In the evening there is to be a bonfire; doubtless lighted by the Mayor, together with "a grand display of rockets." I see London hiding her diminished head. There is more State about our Mayor than about hers; there will be no bonfire or rocket display at the Mansion House.

For the day following Coronation we shall have more sports. The promise of the poster leaves no room for doubt. Aquatic sports on the Whitewater River, land sports on the cricket-ground, the last to include the chase of a greasy pig by married women. Not a common pig, mark you, my masters, but a greasy pig; and not a chase by every daughter of Eve, but by the matrons alone. Can London show such a thing "under the patronage of the Mayor, who will attend in State and distribute the prizes"? Were Market Waldron twenty miles away instead of ten, I would venture as far, if only to see his Worship present the prize to the married woman who captures the greasy pig. And London, groaning under the weight of scaffolding, red with cloth and gaudy with flags, will see no such sight. Never a greasy pig shall go squealing down Strand, Oxford Street, or Piccadilly, closely pursued by modern married

Atalantas. I repeat myself: From the shady places of my garden I consider London's vanity and smile.

As becomes a town boasting a Public Office, a Mayor, and a bill-poster, Market Waldron goes the pace, but we are not quite sure that she is not too enterprising. "She didn't ought to ha' sent bills as far away as this," remarked mine host of the Wheatsheaf. "We're keepin' Coronation in our own way, an' we don't want no assistance fr' Market Waldron or Lunnon or anybody else." He is quite right, though there is a suspicion of private interest about mine host's attitude, seeing that he looks forward to two very busy days. And it is a fact that we have several flags, and have subscribed for a tea for the old people and the children, and we are going to have some sports in the Vicarage grounds, and prizes too. We have no Mayor, but we have a very charming old Vicar, and we persuade one another that he is just as good. To be sure, we can't go so far as a rocket display, but we are going to have a bonfire every bit as big as the one that will shine on the hill-tops far away to the north of us. And we are not going to talk to our school-children, but to give them a holiday. If we had a Mayor, now— Truth to tell, I think we are the least little bit jealous of Market Waldron and wish we had somebody who knew how to go about in State, and my suspicion is strengthened by the fact that, when the bill had been up for a couple of days, somebody pasted a charming chromo-lithograph of His Majesty right over everything except the benediction.

Feeling threatens to run high, and, though I am bound to believe that several of the more daring and adventurous men and women of Maychester intend to sample the dissipations of Market Waldron on Coronation Day, there is none so bold as to avow his or her intention. Local patriotism runs high, and certain of the villagers are suggesting a procession through the village, partly to show Market Waldron that there are more resources in Landshire than are dreamt of in its philosophy, and partly to keep count of backsliders. They will arrange it at such a time as will make Market Waldron an impossibility. On the other hand, the opposition, consisting for the most part of the people who have succumbed to the idea of the Mayor in State, scout the suggestion of a procession. "If't so be as its 'oliday, make it 'oliday, say I, an' doan't ast folk to go a processin' under th' blazin' sun." Thus the local butcher, whose athletic wife is suspected of designs upon the greasy pig.

Things are in a critical condition down our way. But our policeman, passing by my garden this afternoon, told me, in response to my inquiry, that he was ready for any emergency.—S. L. BENSUSAN.





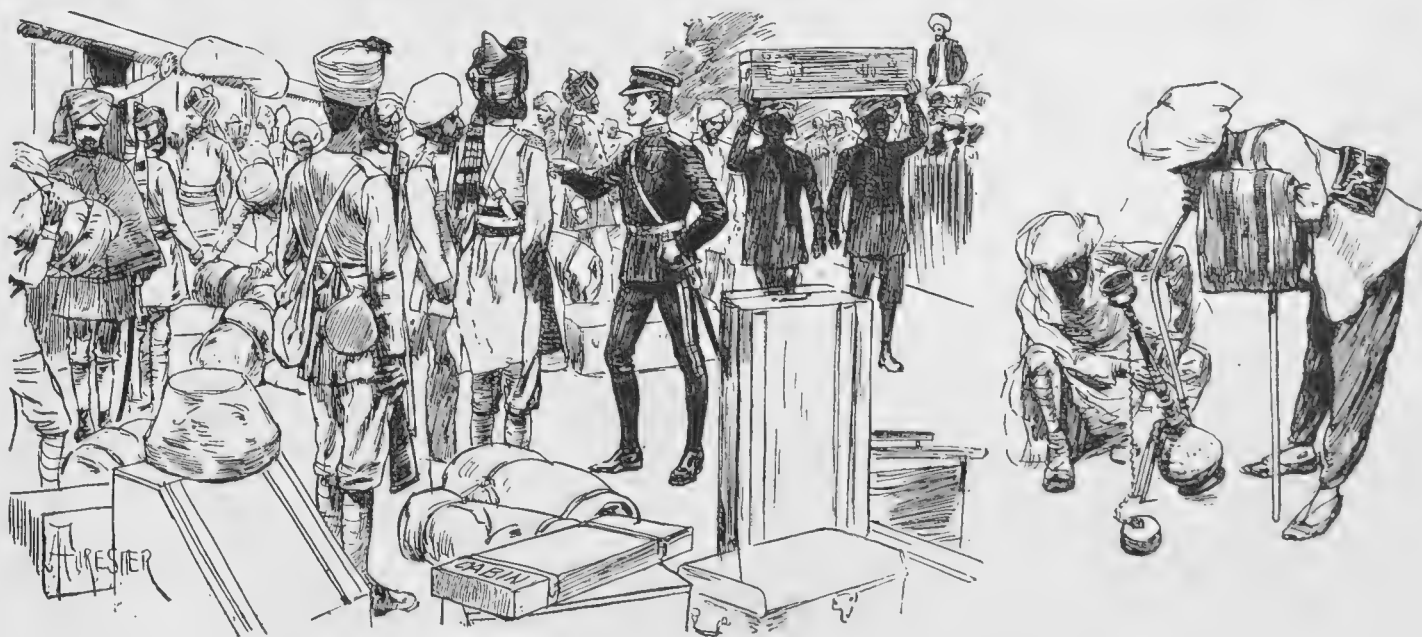
## THE INDIAN CORONATION CONTINGENT.



NOTES IN THE CAMP.



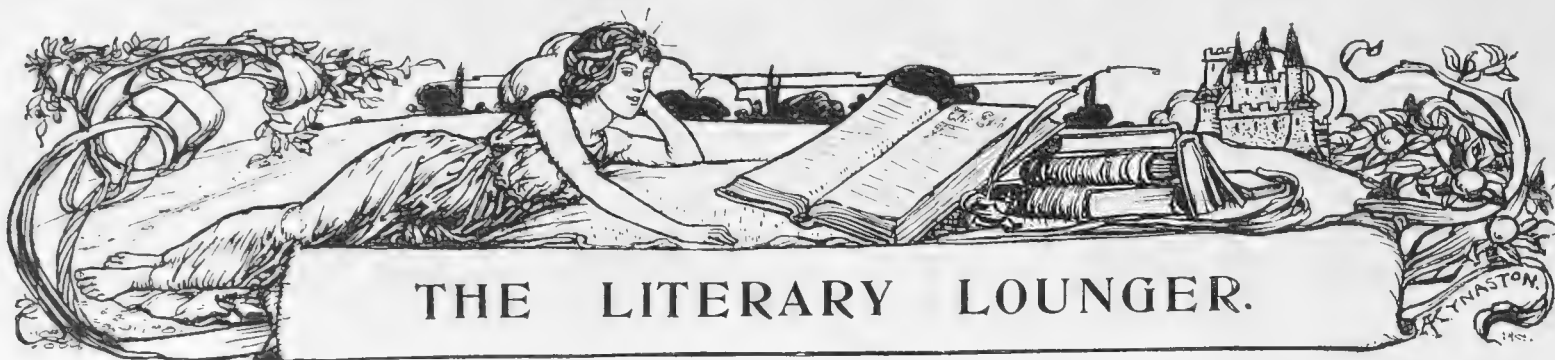
THE TROOPS ON THE PLATFORM AT HAMPTON COURT STATION.



FATIGUE DUTY: SORTING OUT THE LUGGAGE.

*The picturesque camp now installed in the Home Park at Hampton Court contains about a thousand Indian troops of all races, the pick of the finest native regiments in the Service. They arrived some ten days ago, in most disagreeable weather, but soon settled down amidst their historic surroundings. Under the guidance of British officers, parties are now daily visiting London to see the sights.*

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY A. FORESTIER.



## BOOK-JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

THE opening of the Art Galleries has given an impetus to the issue of works in this particular branch of literature. Amongst the most important is a series entitled "The Makers of British Art," the first volume issued being

"SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.," BY JAMES A. MANSON (WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED).

This work claims to be something more than a mere monograph of this celebrated English painter, as it gives, beside many interesting facts, a detailed account of Landseer's birth, education, and progress in the art he loved so well and in which he made for himself an undying name. The book contains many capital anecdotes, as well as some hitherto little-known facts relative to his long and intimate acquaintance with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Another series, of which two volumes have during the month been issued, is entitled

"THE POPULAR LIBRARY OF ART" (Duckworth and Co.).

These comprise short sketches of D. G. Rossetti, by Ford Madox Hueffer, and Rembrandt, by A. Bréal. These volumes are more in the nature of critical essays on the art of the various painters selected and the influence they exerted than detailed Lives of the artists. The volumes are handy for the pocket and are well illustrated.

In general literature, a foremost place must be given to

"THE WEB OF EMPIRE," BY SIR D. M. WALLACE (Macmillan and Co.),

which consists of a diary kept during the Imperial tour of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales in their successful voyage round the world during 1901. Although the work makes no pretence at being an official account of the tour, yet, as the author had every opportunity of seeing and hearing everything worth chronicling, there will be little outside this volume which will need recording. The volume contains seventy-eight full-page illustrations. The most important work of travel that has appeared for many years is

"THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE," BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON (Hutchinson and Co.).

The great work the author of this book has been doing in East Africa is well known, and this record of his administration over an area of some hundred and fifty thousand square miles will be read with interest. Beside giving a detailed account of the political history of this country, the book describes its wonders and beauties, which are many. It will be of interest to the naturalist and to the anthropologist, as it gives technical information about the Congo Pygmies, the gigantic Turkana, and the many naked tribes of the Nile. A marked feature of the work are the illustrations, many of them being reproductions in colours from original paintings by the author.

"THE KING'S RACEHORSES," BY EDWARD SPENCER (John Long), has been produced at a most opportune time, as everything associated with the King is now being read with peculiar interest. This handsome volume is an authoritative record of His Majesty's connection with the Turf, and, in addition to the literary portion of the book, which shows a complete knowledge of racing and everything connected with the racecourse, it contains a large number of photo-gravures of racehorses, jockeys, &c.

In fiction, the most important volume is

"GODFREY MERIVALE," BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON (P. Wellby).

This is a well-written and engrossing story of one whose predecessor had fought in the Wars of the Roses, and who, although maintaining the family tradition and succeeding to the title, has a varied and chequered history.

Messrs. G. Newnes, Limited, are to be congratulated upon the issue of the new volumes in their delightful series of thin-paper editions. The last volume, just ready, is

"THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON,"

which consists of nearly eight hundred pages and contains the principal writings of this great Elizabethan philosopher. These volumes are dainty productions, and, although containing so much matter, are handy for the pocket and are perfect specimens of typography and artistic taste.

## THROUGH THE LEAVES.

THE charge of plagiarism brought against M. Édmond Rostand by a certain Mr. Gross, of Chicago, has, it would appear, been taken seriously in America, where Mr. Gross has obtained an injunction against the further production of "Cyrano de Bergerac"; but in France it has been received with intense amusement. The hero of Mr. Gross's piece, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," is Cyrano de Bergerac, and, according to the judgment delivered in Chicago, there is the most extraordinary similarity between the plots of the two pieces. The *affaire Cyrano* has drawn a delightful letter from M. Rostand himself, addressed to one of the writers in *Le Temps*.

At the time of his death, Mr. E. L. Godkin was engaged upon writing his reminiscences. He had made some progress with the work, and it is to be hoped that arrangements will be made to publish it. It would certainly prove to be a volume of remarkable interest.

A new Life of Longfellow, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, is to be published this autumn in the "American Men of Letters" Series. Mr. Higginson has had access to a number of hitherto unpublished letters.

Mr. Pett Ridge's new novel, which is to be published in the autumn, is to be entitled "Erb," a Cockney abbreviation of Herbert.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is to issue shortly an important volume on the Old Bailey and Newgate, by Charles Gordon. The work will be of particular interest at a time when the Old Bailey is being demolished.

In spite of the failure of "Francesca da Rimini" in Rome, and of his other works in his native country, Gabriele d'Annunzio is apparently not discouraged in his belief in himself. He set to work on the "Parisina" and "Sigismundo Malatesta," the other parts of the "Malatesta" trilogy, of which the "Francesca" is the first, even while the "Francesca" tragedy was still being criticised. Signor d'Annunzio recently wrote to a correspondent: "The two last parts of 'Malatesta' are now well on the road to completion. When in Modena I had the great good-fortune to discover a packet of letters from the unhappy wife of Nicolo III. d'Este to her step-son Ugo, which quite modify the idea that she felt repugnance at his love for her. 'Sigismundo Malatesta,' husband of Parisina's daughter, who (Parisina) in her turn killed her husband, will finish the first cycle of my tragedies." . . . "Italian legend," he continued, "so false and corrupt, is an inexhaustible mine of tragedy. History, documents, and books palpitate with a new life, so far untouched, among which I have passed years drinking in the ideas, passions, and atmosphere of the times and people. The four thousand verses of 'Francesca' written in forty-eight days, about which so much has been said, were nothing but the fruit of eighteen months' hard study."

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are issuing uniform sixpenny editions of Blackmore's novels. It will be remembered that of the sixpenny edition of "Lorna Doone," published some time ago, a hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold, and the new issue of fifty thousand copies has practically been disposed of before publication. "Lorna Doone" is to be followed by "Spring Haven," which, according to Mr. Marston, Blackmore regarded as his masterpiece.

Miss Cholmondeley's new novel, which will be published in the autumn by Mr. Murray, is, first, to run serially in one of the popular weeklies. Miss Cholmondeley, I believe, received many tempting offers for the serial rights of "Red Pottage," but felt strongly that it was not a story suitable for serial publication.

I hope Mr. Joline's "Meditations of an Autograph Collector" will be issued in this country. It seems to be a mine of good things. I have already quoted one or two letters from the book, but perhaps one of the most interesting is the following letter from Miss Mitford with regard to some letters from George Washington—

What disenchanting things these autographs are! When I was at Clifton, my friend, Mr. Johnson, brought to show Miss James some American signatures. Amongst them was a correspondence of General Washington's. Washington was a Virginian, remember, and they are all horse-jockeys, and this series of letters from the great patriot contains as notable an endeavour to "do" an acquaintance in the sale of an English horse as ever figured in the annals of Newmarket. I have no great fancy for the celebrated personage in question. He was much too cold and calculating for me.

O. O.



AMERICA AND THE CORONATION.  
*(See "Small Talk of the Week.")*



LADY GREY-EGERTON, WIFE OF SIR PHILIP GREY-EGERTON.

*Photograph by J. Thomson.*

## AMERICA AND THE CORONATION.



MRS. ARTHUR FAY.

*Photograph by J. Thomson.*



AMERICA AND THE CORONATION.



THE BARONESS DE BUSH.

*Photograph by J. Thomson.*

## AMERICA AND THE CORONATION.



MRS. EDWARD JAFFRAY.

*Photograph by J. Thomson.*





## THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

### "THE PATH TO ROME."

WHEN an author in the third line of his Preface formally greets the reviewers, to whom he says his book is of triple profit, the industrious critic is bound to reply at the earliest opportunity, "Aleikum Salaam." Common courtesy thus satisfied, the reviewer is at liberty to inquire into the dark saying "triple profit," and, at once acquitting his author of any genially sardonic allusion to ulterior transactions at the second-hand bookseller's, he realises that the threefold boon of "The Path to Rome" (George Allen) is akin to that of Holy Writ, and that Mr. Belloc's philosophic itinerary is "for doctrine, reproof, and instruction," and that although the traveller is everywhere at issue with the pedant, the puritan, and the pedagogue. From this one may pass to the full enjoyment of that which, according to Mr. Belloc, "Anglo-Saxons call a Foreword, but gentlemen a Preface," and when, with an occasional appeal to a long-neglected Liddell and Scott or the more compendious three hundred and sixty-ninth page of Roby's Latin Grammar, the reader has revived a bowing acquaintance with the portentous Figures of the Rhetoricians, he marches undis- mayed against the terrible "Aposio- pesian Auxiliaries—Anacoluthon, that never learned to read and write but is very handy with his sword, and Metathesis and Hendiadys, two Greeks." In the "Pichrocholian Sea" the humble reviewer would hint at a printer's error, did he not fear Mr. Belloc's trumpet-toned "Ho, Pedant!": a call you and I, reader, will hear once or twice before we enter Rome with our author by the Porta del Popolo—the Gate of the Poplar, mind you, not of the People. This by the way, and in no carping spirit towards the most amusing Preface ever written, despite the fact that it acknowledges itself to be a general- isation from some eight or nine thousand documents of the same name. As it is the custom for book-writers to introduce there "a mass of nincompoops of whom no one ever heard, and to say, 'My thanks are due to such and such' all in a litany, as if anyone cared a farthing for the rats," Mr. Belloc would do likewise were it not for the multitude and splendour of his assistants, among whom are the Muses, the Graces, Bacchus, and Apollo.

To expend so much gaiety on a mere despised introduction might have rendered a less gifted author bankrupt of mirth for the main portion of his task, but from the moment when he sets out on his votive pilgrimage to Rome even the hardships of the path cannot silence the wayfarer's jest and song. Once, indeed, there came a spell of utter physical depression, when, instead of flourishing his staff and singing, he "leant on it painfully and thought of duty and death and dereliction and every other horrible thing that begins with a 'D,'" but the pilgrim's resolution did not fail; he held on, and, crossing the Aar, found meal of beans and bacon that set him vigorously on his way again.

The book is autobiographic in a sense beyond the limits of the journey to Rome, for at every turn something arises that recalls some

incident, ranging from deep experience to the lightest moment of academic days, connecting the traveller's daily task of leagues with the life that has been. At the time when he sets out from Toul to traverse the valley of the Moselle, and so to Rome by as straight a line as he can drive across the Alps, the frontier with its fortresses begins to remind Mr. Belloc of his service with the French Artillery. As a French citizen, he endured what some call the "horrors of the con- scription," but his experience as driver of a piece "of the class of 9, rifled and mounted on its carriage," seems to have left nothing but joyous memories of good comradeship. He sighs only for justice in the Army, but, in his charity, turns from his own sorrow to pity the lawyer conscripts, who must, he thinks, have suffered most terribly.

Mr. Belloc has the power of making even the minutest detail of his travels exquisitely vital. He lives intensely every step of the way, and communicates his mental attitude, with subtle strokes of suggestion and allusion that make the sympathetic reader the veritable companion of the journey. Take, for example, our admirable tramp's curious eagerness to know the pre- cise moment when he has passed the frontier. Being no common- place student of Government land- marks, he recognises the limit as crossed only when he encounters a peasant who knows no French. This is indeed the proper spirit of study for mankind, if our own poets are to be trusted. But, although conventional boundaries trouble him not at all, whether in land, life, or letters, Mr. Belloc must not be taken to be careless of the land- marks of Nature. For he has an eye to every shifting cloud-shadow on the mountain-side, to every effect of evening red or morning grey. His pencil and sketch-book are out on the first hint of oppor- tunity, and his sketches form, at any rate, pleasant annotations to his text.

Of the drawings, it may be said frankly that the artist himself would be the first to blame the man who praised them. They have been given, however, not without reason, and that reason is disclosed, as its peculiar "message," by the inimit- able Preface. Pictures of an

uncertain kind, it says, stand in the pages of the chronicle. Why? *Because it has become so cheap to photograph on zinc.*

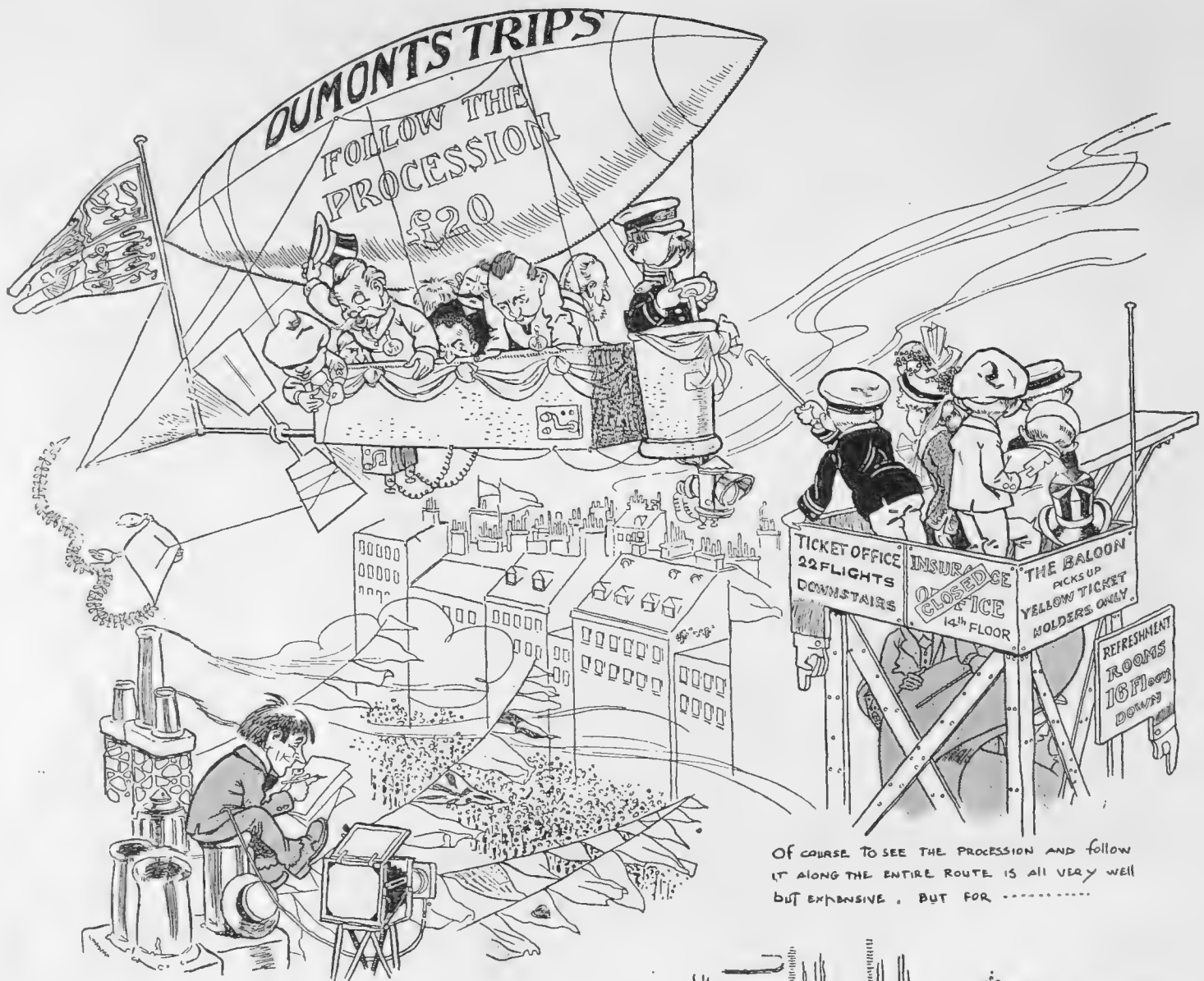
It is whimsical candour of this kind, restrained by a fine sense of proportion, that goes far towards making the book the remarkable thing it is.

Without a story or parable the latest of the peripatetics speaks not, and, as it is a villainy to quote a man's work at length in a review, I can but urge on your attention the apologue of the man given to drinking, the anecdote of the old sailor and the young fool, and the incident of the dispute at Oxford about the propriety of saying "under the circumstances." The graver passages, such as the meditation on the nature of belief, may claim a second reading, if your wits, like mine, be slow; but there is a reward. Thus, over the steepes of the Jura, with worn body but unwearied spirit, our traveller leads us down into Italy, and so to the gates of the Eternal City, where, with heart- rending abruptness, he leaves us. He engaged to take us to Rome and he keeps his word. Once there, he seems to say, we need him no more, for it is time for us to do as the Romans do. J. D. S.



MR. HILAIRE BELLOC, AUTHOR OF "THE PATH TO ROME."

*Photograph by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.*



WAYS AND MEANS OF SEEING THE CORONATION PROCESSION.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

BY TOM BROWNE.



I.—A MAJESTIC LIMB.

## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

## LOVE AND LUNCH.

By J. W.

Illustrated by James Greig.



**D**URING the last week, the copying-out of entries in ledgers had become less interesting to him than ever. There was a time when it had been a dull, even monotony; but, now that the half-hour allowed for lunch had become a daily glimpse of Paradise, work was almost actively repulsive and only to be endured

by indulging at frequent intervals in the relief of sketching crude outlines of human faces. They never resembled even remotely the face he was struggling to reproduce, but he always hoped that some day, by some lucky chance, he should draw something which would remind him, however faintly, of Her. Meanwhile, his beautiful round-hand writing deteriorated sadly, and he was on more than one occasion nearly dismissed for carelessness.

The clock at last struck lunch-time. There was not a minute to be lost. He leapt from his seat, leaving a sentence unfinished, and rushed out into the crowd. Millions of others like him were doing the same; *they* thought only of something to eat; till lately, *he* had thought only of something to eat, but now it was different. Eating had become as unimportant in his scheme of life as work—a thing to be done mechanically by force of gross habit. A drizzling rain made him turn up his coat-collar—unnecessarily, perhaps, for his white one could not have been made dirtier, and might have been made cleaner, by contact even with Strand rain-water. But love had made him more careful in these matters, and only the thought of his washing-bill prevented him from attaining perfection. He pushed open the swinging glass doors of Paradise and entered its overheated atmosphere. Then he took his seat at a table within her sphere of influence and looked anxiously round. In the distance he saw her—thin, anæmic, plain, and dressed in shabby black, but altogether divine. She was standing near a man—a strange man who whispered something in her ear. She nodded her head, and his heart leapt. What had that man said to her and why did she assent? He was handsome and looked like a solicitor's clerk—he hated solicitors' clerks. She moved away, and, with a thrill, he recognised that she was coming towards him. No; another man—a man with a silk hat—stopped her, and to him, too, she nodded and smiled. It was unbearable. In time she reached him, and stood with a careless grace, her hand resting upon the marble table—he lunched off marble, did this young man—a far-away look in her eyes, and her head slightly inclined towards him, as if expecting him to speak. He had had the words ready, but they fled at the vision of her; his voice faltered, but at last he whispered, sweet and low—

"One jam-tart and a cup of cawfy, Miss." He had taken to lunching off a jam-tart since the day on which she came, and less ethereal food had seemed revolting.

She nodded and went to the counter. His eyes followed her greedily and her shrill voice ordering a plate of ham was heavenly music. He had never thought that such a creature could exist in this foggy atmosphere. He dreamt of the time when he could carry her away on his yacht—he had always fancied a yacht—to places where the sky was ever blue and men wore white clothes and straw-hats, like the people in the musical comedy—any musical comedy. He was always angry with himself for indulging in these day-dreams, but reflected that, after all, they amused him and did little harm; real life could not be worse when he came back to it than it was when he left.

She returned with the "cawfy" and jam-tart balanced with unrivalled skill on a tray on which plates of ham rested lovingly on the top of poached eggs, and pork sausages rubbed shoulders with the butter belonging to neighbouring rolls, which, in their turn, had justified their name by rolling into cups of Bovril. He was indignant when an old, fussy gentleman grumbled at her because his buttered toast bore the print of the bottom of a tea-cup, and he could have punched the head of another who told her sulkily that his egg wanted three more minutes' boiling.

She took back the offending articles meekly, and he, knowing for how many hours she carried that tray about and how much she got for it, was amazed that anybody could dare to suggest that anything was ever wrong that came from her hand. His own jam-tart tasted of boiled beef, but such heavenly boiled beef; and he only wished he could afford an egg and eat it, whatever its age, to prove the depth of his love.

As she stood by him, scattering plenty, he plucked up courage to speak.

"Fine day, Miss," he said; not much in itself, but with expression. She nodded and passed on; she seemed colder to-day than usual, and he felt hurt. Perhaps she was unusually busy; she couldn't have forgotten him since yesterday, when they had talked together for quite two minutes. He gave her the benefit of the doubt, and resolved to try again. The opportunity soon came. She was standing by him, adding up the account of a voluble old lady, who had marched in at the head of five girls and imperiously ordered a penny bun for each.

"How many?" said the old lady.

The girl added up the number and gave her the bill.

"Why seven?" said the old lady. "One bun each—"

"I thought you had had two," was the reply, in a humble tone.

"The idea! You young women should be taught to be more accurate before you're put in responsible positions where you can rob the public. Don't be impertinent, young woman, or I'll report you!"

The girl, after some hesitation, altered the figure, and Herbert's blood boiled (his name was Herbert), for he had seen her eat three.

Here was an opportunity of doing something heroic for his love. He took it, but with fear.

"I think—the young woman is right, Mum. I—I saw you eat at least—er—more than one."

The old lady swung round with a jerk and glared at him in astonishment. He wished he had not been so rash.

"Oh, indeed! And who told you to sit watching how much—?"

"I'm sorry, Mum; I thought you might 'ave forgot."

"Oh, indeed! Matilda, you saw how many buns I had?"

"Yes, Ma."

"Well?"

"I think it was three—but I didn't count."

The last part of the sentence was said hurriedly, in an attempt to minimise the effect of the first, for Matilda knew it was wise not to be more truthful than was absolutely necessary.

"I'll speak to you, Miss, outside," muttered the old lady; but, seeing that appearances were against her, she gave way with dignity. "If I did make a mistake, I do not propose to be treated with insolence. I shall report you all the same. Come, girls; I will never allow myself to be insulted in this place again."

And she rose haughtily and swept away, without remembering to give any opportunity for adding two buns to her account. The girl bit her lip to keep back a tear.

"She ain't much loss," said Herbert, sympathetically.

"She'll complain about me."

"But they wouldn't give you the sack?"

"You never know in this place," she replied, removing dirty cups and plates with a trembling hand. "They'll fine me."

He was indignant. "Knock orf yer screw for a thing like that?"

She nodded and hurried away to serve a new guest who was ringing the bell violently two tables away. He seized the bill-of-fare savagely and looked for the address of the proprietors. He would go and tell them—no, perhaps they wouldn't pay any attention if they saw so humble a person as himself. He would write a long, noble letter, describing all that had occurred—her saintly forbearance, her politeness in spite of gross provocation—telling them they were on the point of perpetrating a monstrous injustice, offering to give evidence on oath before a magistrate if necessary, imploring them to think twice before they brought sorrow upon one so young, so beautiful, so





*"Lor'!" she replied, and giggled divinely.*

"LOVE AND LUNCH."

long-suffering. If that didn't do, he would write to the papers—England should ring with the pathetic story and subscribe with enthusiasm for her relief. He would take her away on a whirlwind of indignation and withdraw his custom; it was not large, from a pecuniary point of view, but it was regular.

In the middle of his heroic rhapsody, he noticed that she was smiling—smiling on the new-comer, and the man was talking more than was necessary for the giving of his order for a steak-and-kidney pudding. He watched them with a pang of jealousy. He had seen the fellow there before; he had noticed that he came on purpose to one of her tables; he was a toff, with a clean collar, and cuffs nicely protected by pieces of white paper—and he lunched off steak-and-kidney pudding. Herbert, whose collar was dirty and whose cuffs were non-existent, was plunged again into the darkest gloom of despair. He watched them with jealous agony. She seemed as if she would never leave the fellow, who had an airy flow of conversation, confound him! To-morrow, he, too, would have steak-and-kidney pudding, if it cost him half his salary. She went to the counter, but her shrill voice sounded distant and cruel as she gave the other fellow's order. Oh, if she only knew what he was but a moment before prepared to do for her, she would not despise his passion because it was inarticulate! He felt he must do something, and quickly. The time was approaching when he must go; his cup of coffee was nearing its end.

She brought the other fellow his lunch, and again stood there longer than she need have done. He wondered what she would say when she heard that he was dead—had killed himself out in the Strand upon her doorstep. Perhaps she would then spare him a tear; would realise that women cannot lightly make sport of the hearts of men—real men, not bank-clerks. He thought the fellow must be a bank-clerk; he hated bank-clerks, who presumed upon silk-hats and clean cuffs.

At last she moved from the other table, and he summoned her with a look full of meaning. She came, and he thrilled.

"Ave you forgot me, Miss?" he said, reproachfully.

She replied, hurriedly, "What was your order?"

"I've ordered nothing more," he said.

"Threepence," she said, and wrote it down.

He looked round. There was nobody near enough to hear. It was the time for settling his fate.

"You think it ain't enough," he faltered. "You think that, because a feller is a toff and 'as a steak-an'-kidney puddin'—"

His voice broke with emotion. She looked surprised. She did not understand in the least; she did not see at once the connection between toffs and steak-and-kidney pudding.

"Go on!" she replied, cooly, meaning that he was to stop.

"You don't know why I 'as only a jam-tart, you don't."

"Ow should I know?"

"Ow should you know?" He grew bolder. "'Ave a chair. I want to talk to yer."

She looked round, to see that she was not wanted, and sat down wearily in one of the chairs provided by Act of Parliament for the purpose.

"You think 'cos I 'ave a jam-tart, I 'aven't the money to pay for more."

"I 'adn't thought nothin' at all."

"You think I ain't worth thinkin' about."

She didn't reply, and he went on impressively—

"I 'ave a quid a-week, with a rise next year. I'll bet yer a bob that chap 'asn't much more."

"I 'aven't a bob to bet."

This mercenary way of looking at the thing was repulsive to him, but he felt it was unavoidable in view of recent developments. He had to pave the way to a declaration of his love by a few hard facts. . . . "I've known fellers get married on a quid-a-week," he said.

"Lor!" she replied, and giggled divinely.

"Yes," he said, "an' no mistake."

At this moment there was a rush of new customers, and she hurried off again. The other fellow was still there, so Herbert decided to wait and watch. Having got so far, he felt he must not give way without a struggle. The other fellow ordered a scone and butter, so he, in reply, sent for another jam-tart, after counting his money anxiously to see how long he could hold out. Hope gave way again to despair when the other fellow finished his scone and sent for a piece of cake; and, every time she came near, he had some happy phrase to greet her with, such, for instance, as "Wot 'o she bumps!" when the tray came down rather heavily; or, again, "'Ullo, my 'oneysuckle!" when she added twopence to his bill. Herbert sat in helpless envy at the fellow's careless wit, knowing how immensely he would have been attracted by it under other circumstances, and seeing with agony that she was not insensible to its charm. His second jam-tart was finished, and his heart was crushed. There was nothing

for it but to crawl out blighted into the cruel world and forget her under the wheels of a 'bus.

It was almost time to go when the other fellow rose. She was near him at the time, carrying a heavily laden tray. He turned to whisper something in her ear, and bumped her arm. There was a crash, and the whole trayful rolled about in small pieces on the ground. Herbert rushed to help her. Her face was red and tears were in her eyes, while the villain who had done it all said, "Sorry, Miss," and hurried out.

Two or three other girls came up and began to gather the scattered plates.

"Now you've done it!" said one, sympathetically; and another said something about "paying for this."

But she said nothing, and the lady in authority at the counter looked grim.

In a few moments there was calm again and all signs of the tragedy had disappeared—so far as the outer world was concerned. But in Herbert's mind there was a struggle and a calculation. It did not take him long to decide. She was standing a little apart, and he went up to her.

"Didn't I give you your bill?" she said.

"Yes," he replied; then, with some hesitation, "Will they make you pay for that?"

She nearly broke down, and the tears were starting to her eyes again.

"Ow much will it be?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I dunno," she said, dolefully.

"They'll stop it out of yer wages?"

She nodded.

"An' it was all that brute what 'ad the steak-an'-kidney puddin'."

He was sorry as soon as he had said that: it seemed like reproaching her for snobbery. But she did not appear to take it in that way.

"Who's to make 'em believe that?" she said.

"'Ang 'em!" he replied, emphatically. "'Ere, take this—I don't want it," and he tried to thrust three shillings into her hand. It meant to him no lunch for at least a week.

She looked at him in surprise.

"It's all right," he said. "Don't drop it! It'll 'elp to pay for it."

"But you 'aven't done it."

"That's all right," he replied. "It won't 'urt me. I know as you don't get enough to waste on them things."

"But—," she protested.

"Never you mind!" he said. "'Ere, take it."

There was no doubt about the tears in her eyes this time.

"I—I—don't know who you are," she faltered.

"My nime's 'Erbert Jones, Miss, 49, Prince's Road, Clapham. What's yours?"

"Emily White," she said, shyly. "I—I—live at Clapham, too."

"Lor!" he said; "you don't, really?"

That was all he could think of, but it meant unfathomable things. He looked at her awkwardly, and she turned away, murmuring, "Thank you."

"Not at all, Miss; you're welcome, I'm sure!"

There was another pause; he suspected that the eye of the lady in authority was upon him, and there was need for haste. He came boldly to the point.

"Are yer walkin' out with any feller?"

"N-n-no," she replied. "Leastwise, not at present."

"I was thinkin' o' goin' to the Crystal Palace, Saturday evening, eh?" he said. That would mean—he didn't dare to think for how long he would have to do without any lunch; but love is extravagant, and it was his first experience.

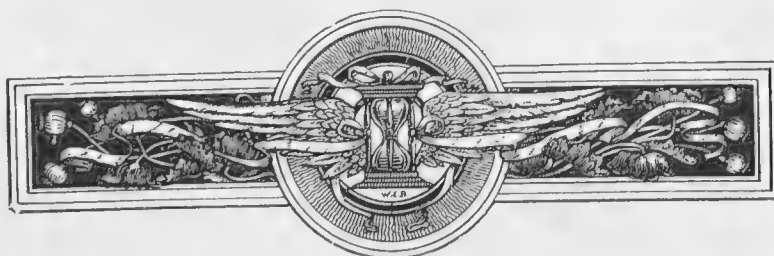
"You never will!" she said, gratefully.

"That'll be all right," he replied, airily. "I'll wait for yer at the corner of the Common, where the trams stop, at 'arf-past seven."

"Two poached eggs an' a cup of tea, please," said an impatient voice round the corner.

She nodded, with a happy smile, and was gone. He paid his bill and went out whistling into the Strand. The sun was bright and the 'buses rolled merrily and the paper-boys danced with joy; even the policemen beamed graciously upon him, and the very recollection of the toff with the clean collar was sweet, for she had accepted his help in the presence of a great calamity and she would wander hand-in-hand with him on Saturday next down the path of bliss in the fairy regions of the Crystal Palace.

And this she did, and so, in due course, they married; but whether, considering their joint income, they lived happily ever after, it would be impossible in a story so short as this to say. And, in any case, it would be too risky to prophesy upon a subject at best so beset with vagueness and uncertainty.







# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



A CARTOONIST might not inaptly represent the Lord Chamberlain as one of the bees M. Maeterlinck loves so well, and show the Belgian Shakspeare, as his admirers delight to call him, being stung, in view of the decision of the Licensor of Plays that "Monna Vanna," announced for production during the last three days of last

week, was not a fit and proper piece for English audiences to see. The decision deprived the play-going public of seeing the remarkable performance of Madame Georgette Leblanc, whose talent is so universally conceded to be of a very high order. At the same time, we lost the illuminatively suggestive stage-management of M. Lugné-Poë, who has brought to the study of Maeterlinck a receptive mind which he has steeped in the very atmosphere of the poet. It was he who first introduced "L'Intruse" to us, playing it behind a veil, while the lightning gave a peculiar suggestiveness to the weird scene, which later on stimulated Mr. Beerbohm Tree to produce the little play. M. Maeterlinck, it need hardly be recalled, is the author of "Pelléas et Mélisande,"

Madame Bernhardt will give herself over to celebrating the Coronation of the English King, and will not play again until Saturday night, when Madame will repeat her fine performance of "Magda" in the afternoon and of "La Dame aux Camélias" at night. On the following Monday, the 30th—when Coronation celebrating will still be going on—M. Coquelin will start a week of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Garrick. The Vaudeville's charming "Blue-bell" show, which has delighted Londoners and their country cousins for so long, will, I am officially informed, finish its run to-night (Wednesday). Special Coronation matinées of "The Torcador," "A Country Girl," and "Three Little Maids" will be given at the Gaiety, Daly's, and the Apollo this afternoon, and "that regular downright Royal Queen" (as Mr. Gilbert would say)—meaning Queen Elizabeth—will Coronationally celebrate her own Windsor Castle revelry at the Savoy. The Lyric musical-play success, "Florodora," will be played by Mr. Tom B. Davis's No. 1 Company at the Coronet, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson is preparing at the Lyric a short series of Coronation matinées of the play which deals with a hapless Prince who never ascended the Throne (excepting, of course, in David Garrick's audacious version of the play)—"Hamlet," to wit. These six matinées, however, will not start until to-morrow (Thursday) week.

The Kennington Theatre attraction for the Coronation week is Mr. H. C. Beryl's original "Lady Slavey" Company. This evergreen musical comedy, from the pen of Mr. George Dance, has been played all over the world and is as fresh and new as when first produced. Mr. Herbert Sparling—the original Lord Lavender—has been specially engaged to appear, and the cast includes Mr. W. I. Thompson as Roberts, Miss Rita Presano, and Miss Millicent Pyne. On account of the Coronation the usual matinée has been transferred to Saturday.

The only theatre upon the South-side route of the Coronation Procession is the Surrey, which ancient playhouse did, when under the great and gorgeous Elliston, perform prodigies of play-presentation on the occasion of the Coronations of George IV. and his eccentric sailor-brother, William. The Surrey will this time mark the general Coronation joy by producing a brand-new bloodthirsty melodrama, entitled, if you please, "Was it Murder?" This play, by Messrs. Ernest Leicester and Brian Daly, should, methinks, for this festive occasion, have retained its first-chosen title, which was "The Conquering Hero."



MADAME GEORGETTE LEBLANC AS MONNA VANNA IN M. MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY.

*Photo by Cantin and Berger, Paris.*

which, at one time, Mrs. Patrick Campbell declared was the most beautiful play that had ever been written. She certainly was very charming in it, and gave a performance of rare merit, though the play, as was to be expected, was scarcely accorded the same reception by the public as some other less "beautiful" plays. M. Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine et Selysette" has been promised by more than one actor, but it has yet to be seen in the regular building of a theatre. M. Maeterlinck's admirers will be able to congratulate him this year on having reached his "forty year," as Gustave Doré called it, and will heartily join in hoping that it will in no way be "a fatal forty" to his genius.

## CORONATION THEATRICALS.

Notwithstanding the suggestion emanating from high places to the effect that certain West-End theatres, and, perhaps, some few halls, shall adopt the Closure system on Coronation Day, giving neither afternoon nor evening show, yet there will be found sundry special theatrical and variety shows going on, by way of marking that joyous occasion. Yes, even in those places where no performance will or can be given, certain Managers concerned will, it seems, throw open their doors and will give tea and coffee, not to mention what Mr. Gilbert calls "the rollicking, gay Sally Lunn," to all and sundry who care to come in and rest awhile after their weary waiting and constant crushing.

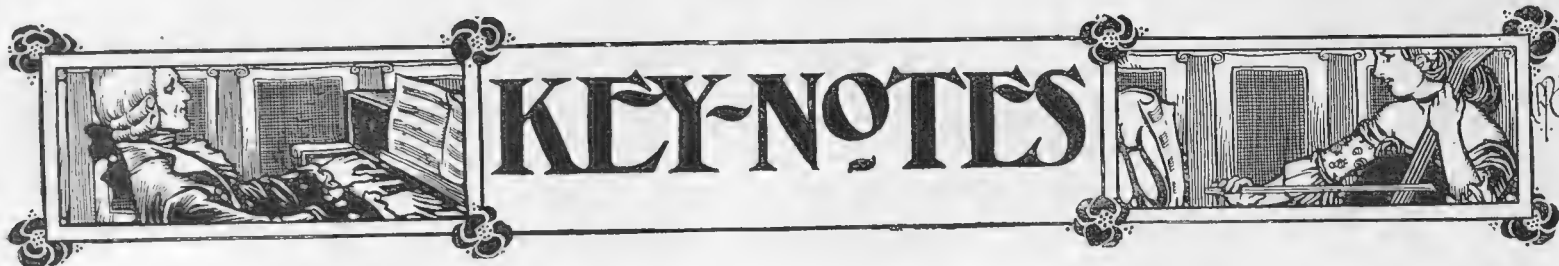
As to actual shows that seem likely to be prevalent during the storm and stress of Coronation time, I may mention Sir Henry Irving's highly interesting revival of "King Charles the First" at the Lyceum next Saturday afternoon, and his revival of "Waterloo" and "The Bells" on the evening of that date. Mr. Tree's beautiful production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is still billed for presentation at Her Majesty's (with Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry) throughout this Coronation week. At the Adelphi to-night (Wednesday), Miss Olga Nethersole will mark the occasion by reciting in "Sappho" a Coronation Ode kindly vouchsafed unto her by Sir Lewis Morris.

After playing "La Tosca" at the Garrick to-night (Wednesday),



M. MAETERLINCK, AUTHOR OF "MONNA VANNA," THE PRODUCTION OF WHICH IN LONDON HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN.

*Photograph by Dolus, Oxford Street, W.*



COVENT GARDEN has, in its way, been doing certain wonderful things during the last two weeks or so. When one considers all the European Opera Houses, one cannot really remember where, in the same building, it is possible to hear the very latest Wagner and also Italian opera of the most frivolous time. That is something in the way of appreciation, and Covent Garden has therefore something upon which to congratulate itself.



MADAME BOLSKA.

Versatility is at all times a thing which interests and attracts the general critic, and versatility is assuredly the note of the Covent Garden performances of the present year. "L'Elisir d'Amore," composed by Donizetti, is now, among the ultra-modern critics, naturally a thing which is not to be considered as a serious work, and, no doubt, the modern critics, in their way, are right. Wagner, it is true, realised that Donizetti was a power for tune and for the lighter kind of melody; but in these days the critic has gone far beyond any thought of Wagner, and, taking the point of view which regards that great critic and composer as the pivot upon which all modern opera should circle, possibly denies to Donizetti any of the guerdon which is certainly his right reward.

Arthur Sullivan was just such a composer as Donizetti, and there is no real reason why the directors of Covent Garden should sustain such an opera as "L'Elisir d'Amore" any more than that they should give place to a work like "The Mikado." Still, Donizetti is amusing, and, when you get amusing people to interpret his fancies, you at the same time fulfil the purpose which he had in view. Signor Pini Corsi, as Dulcamara, was full of humour and intelligence; it is rare that one finds so vital and humorous a singer nowadays upon the operatic stage. One would not say that he was a great singer, but one may be allowed to assert that he is a singer and an actor who in the smaller parts of the art to which he has devoted himself is almost as good as good can be.

Melba once more has proved herself to be quite the most superlative singer of the time. Her singing the other day in "Faust" showed that, whatever extraneous charms any other singer may give to the part—charms, let us say, of incidental costume and of manner—Melba still remains, from the purely vocal point of view, unsurpassed and unapproachable. Gounod, after all, did not write so much for an actress as for a vocalist; yet Melba acts the part admirably. Those very singers who attempt to make up for their want of vocalisation by their originality of action cannot even begin to rank with her. Saléza's Faust was, on the whole, excellently done, although the work is not an opera which suits his voice by any means. Oddly enough, he seems to be overtaken at certain times during this opera with a most unaccountable nervousness; and on these unfortunate occasions he is scarcely

able to reach the centre of his pitch. In the last Act, however, there is no doubt about it that he is as good a Faust as our generation can produce. Meanwhile, one must not forget Plançon's Mephistopheles, which in every respect, both from the histrionic and from the vocal point of view, is extremely fine. Plançon is probably the only dignified Mephistopheles now to be seen on the operatic stage. Other singers exploit their voices and exaggerate their acting powers; Plançon, having so fine a voice that it is not worth his while to attempt to exploit it, and acting so well that the thing comes to him almost naturally, remains quite supreme in his own characteristic way.

Madame Patti is a perpetual wonder: she never seems to grow old, and her voice, in certain respects, remains as young as it can possibly be. Her concert on Wednesday at the Albert Hall once more proved the extent of her accomplishment and the youthfulness of her vocalisation. Her singing of the Jewel Song from "Faust" was absolutely brilliant. Every phrase was so carefully rounded, so composed, that one felt that here was an artist in song who absolutely defied the progress of time and who will remain young so long as the iron hand of Time, wielding its ineffable destiny, will permit her to amuse, to entertain, and to fascinate. Among those who assisted her was Mr. Santley, who remains still a most wonderful singer, possessed of a vitality and a sympathy that at all times appeal to the imagination and to the popular sentiment. Miss Marie Brema, arrayed in wonderful draperies, sang on the same occasion with singular distinction. Mr. Mark Hambourg was among the performers of the afternoon, which was memorable and distinguished.

The Opera has been, on the whole, a great success within the period of the last few days, but probably the greatest success of the season, so far, has been the reappearance of Madame Calvé in the part of Carmen. In this rôle she is so exquisitely fine, so deliberately (one had almost written, so oppressively) overwhelming, that language can scarce hold the words of praise which one is fain to confer upon her. Her voice is in splendid form, and its clearness and truth never for a moment give pause to the critical listener. But, quite apart from her vocalisation, her acting is a marvel and a miracle. She realises the part so amazingly, with so curious a sense of its full-blooded life and of its superstitious forelook, that one can simply contemplate her work in this connection with a sort of abandonment of emotion that knows no hesitation or withdrawal of sentiment.—COMMON CHORD.

Madame Bolska is now in England arranging the preliminaries for the concert which will be given in London, under the patronage of the Queen, and at which the Polish soprano will introduce herself to the English public as a singer. She has lately been singing with great success in Germany, Italy, and Paris, and, in recognition of her services to art, the Czar has appointed her Court Singer.



MADAME EMMA CALVÉ AS OPHELIA.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Midsummer Times — Cyclists and the Coronation — That Word "Gymkhana" — The Manners — Motors and Country Lanes — Cable-car Slots.*

Time to light up: Wednesday (June 25), Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 9.19; Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday (July 1), 9.18.

Just now, the lighting-up time is stationary. It is not necessary to carry one's lamp until exactly nineteen minutes past nine. We have



THE FLORAL FÊTE AT EARL'S COURT: MR. EDGE, WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE, ON HIS "PANHARD."

reached middle of glorious summer, though a few things might be written in opposition to the use of the word "glorious." Cyclists are generally optimists, and, therefore, whenever things go well they speedily forget the troubles left behind. We are all busy "Coronating" or getting ready to "Coronate." I know several good cyclists, of loyalty unimpeachable, who, instead of being in London with well-trained lungs ready to cheer King Edward when he proceeds to Westminster to be crowned, are off into Surrey and Sussex to find the most secluded lanes, where not even the strains of the village brass-band will reach them. Some of the rest of us have got seats in most favoured positions, and the fact that the King himself has always thrown more than a kindly eye on cycling will, perhaps, give a little zest to the cheering.

Let me, for the third year running, enter a small protest against the silly use of that word "gymkhana" as synonymous for bicycle-sports. The desire on the part of some suburban people to use a word which they only half-understand, but which sounds well, to describe that for which there is an admirable Saxon equivalent, always reminds me of the gentleman in the Irish novel who compensated for the loss of his son's nose by christening him Trismigistus. Cyclists, as a body, are healthy-minded, unaffected folk, and, therefore, should use the honest word "sports" instead of the word "gymkhana." I met a man from Surbiton the other day, and he remarked that the Royal Procession would be a fine "Tamashau." If he had been an immediately returned Anglo-Indian, the word would have been allowable. But he wasn't. He had simply heard somebody use the word, and it probably struck him as rather effective, though it was really absurd. Mark Twain once wrote an interesting article on an individual who always dragged in a foreign word where English would do. I recommend its perusal to "gymkhana" organisers.

The other day, pulling up at a wayside hotel, I made casual acquaintance with a gentleman who proceeded to administer me a long lecture on the manners of cyclists. I am a meek-eyed individual, always anxious to let the sun go down upon my wrath, but I felt called upon to deliver a little homily on talking nonsense. There are cads and vulgar people among us, but I am certain they are fewer than amongst those who particularly follow any other pastime. The mischief is that some people are disposed to take more notice of offensiveness than of courtesy, and one grain of discourtesy is generally made to outweigh a bushel-load of kindnesses. The good-fellowship of the wheel is one of the most striking characteristics of the pastime. Men who meet one another for years on the same suburban platform, travel up to town in the same railway-carriage, and never exchange a word, will

instantly drop into friendly conversation should they meet at the same hostelry and both be having cold mutton and salad for lunch. It is amusing to see what little things do. The same men, should perchance they meet in the same place in frock-coats and long trousers, would not think of conversing. Men, however, cyclist-clad instantly recognise one another as brothers, and down come the barriers of icy reserve. We hear of cyclists knocking people down and then racing away without offering help. We hear of the ill-mannered remarks made by ruffians as they speed past ladies. But we don't hear sufficient of the thousand-and-one little kindnesses cyclists do, how they are generally ready to help one another, and contribute cheerfully with their pence to the little box for the local cottage-hospital that is frequently to be found on the inn mantelshelf.

Motors are, of course, the things of the future. Cyclists have not too genial an appreciation of the huge automobiles that come tearing along our main roads. They often regard them as villainous monsters and would like them to be proscribed by Act of Parliament, just as in the old days ordinary folks wanted bicycles to be prohibited altogether. They will get over that in time. I know many riders who get in a positive funk when a motor comes hooting along the highway. They, therefore, make it a point of searching for pleasant by-lanes in which to take their exercise. Well, if motors send more cyclists to explore the beautiful little lanes with which England abounds and which are too much neglected, motors on that account alone should be regarded as a blessing.

In those towns where cable tram-cars are in use, why don't more cyclists avail themselves of the pleasure of riding along the slot? I notice riders generally avoid the slot through which the car grips the cable as though it were a place of danger. It is nothing of the kind. The roadway at either side of the tramway is frequently lumpy; to ride over the stone setts is uncomfortable. To cycle on the slot is to have a charmingly smooth surface. From my suburb into London there is about two miles of cable-car way, and only yesterday morning, when there must have been three or four hundred wheel-folk making for town, I could not help noticing that only a couple of riders besides myself rode on the slot whenever opportunity presented. J. F. F.

## AUTOMOBILES AT EARL'S COURT.

Since the advent of the motor-car there have been many who have openly regretted the lack of originality and taste shown by their designers, forgetting that changes come slowly and that the first railway-carriage was built in the form of a stage-coach, just as at present the majority of automobilists are content with vehicles that are, in the main, conventional carriages without horses. The last of the French Charity Fêtes must have been a source of gratification to these aesthetes, for it demonstrated in a remarkable manner the decorative possibilities of the motor-car. A car covered with silk, to resemble a boat, and gay with pink ribbons and geraniums, vied in popularity with another smothered with yellow daffodils and protected with a shade of Iceland poppies. Art was evidently too much for the latter; for some ten minutes it steadfastly refused to mount the bridge leading into the Western Gardens. Mr. S. F. Edge, who piloted a car decorated with peony roses and marguerites, won the banner presented by the Lord Mayor, while his wife secured another. The second prize was carried off by a car embedded in flowers and foliage, occupied by Mr. F. W. Peckham and Miss Vera Edwardine. M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, who has taken the greatest interest in the Fêtes, presented the prizes to the successful competitors.



THE FLORAL FÊTE AT EARL'S COURT: SOME OF THE CARS PARADING.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Ascot.*

The Royal Meeting at Ascot was this year a huge success. We were much disappointed at the absence of the King on the opening day of the meeting, but Her Majesty the Queen came in for a big reception, and she looked not a day older than she did twenty-five years back. I never saw His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales looking so affable, and the



ASCOT: ICE MAIDEN, WINNER OF THE GOLD VASE PRESENTED BY THE KING.

Princess seemed to thoroughly enjoy the surroundings. The racing on the opening day was really good, but the going was very indifferent, and I am afraid the new ground will give some trouble for a long time to come. The alterations and improvements were much canvassed by the critics, and opinions differed greatly. Racegoers are very conservative and do not believe in changes of any sort. The Royal Stand is a very comfortable building; it is sumptuously appointed, and the Royal Box is so well placed that everyone on the course could get a good view of its occupants. It is unfortunate that, owing to the protrusion of a newly built wall, it is impossible for occupants of the Grand Stand to see the Royal personages alight from their carriages at the back of the Royal Stand. The new Press Stand at Ascot is the best in the kingdom. The lift is a perfect boon to hard-worked reporters who have to travel to and from the stands to the rings. As far as the general public are concerned, the arrangements stand as they were. It is still impossible to see the straight races from the top of the Grand Stand, and I noticed that one or two of the doors leading to the Lawn that should have been opened were kept closed, thereby causing no end of unnecessary crushing at the narrow passage.

*The Racing.*

Sam Darling is always successful at Ascot, and it augured well for the Beckhampton stable when Port Blair won the Trial Stakes. Ard Patrick later on won the Prince of Wales's Stakes, but only after Cupbearer had been disqualified for bumping. M. Cannon, on the last-named, rode a very good race, keeping well in front all the way; but, unfortunately, the horse touched Ard Patrick rounding the bend, and the mischief was done. The Derby winner never looked better. He is a lovely horse and is very likely to win the St. Leger easily. At the same time, I am inclined to think he has a will of his own, and he will always take a lot of riding, as the jockeys say. Mr. Goodchild, a very popular sportsman, who regularly follows the meeting and bets but little, won the Ascot Stakes with Scullion—a gift-horse, by-the-bye. When Mr. Goodchild managed Mr. Seymour's stud, the latter made him a present of Scullion, who at the time was not half the horse he is now. Scullion had run very well behind Shaun Dhuv at Sandown, but not well enough to induce Mr. Goodchild to put his maximum on him at Ascot. Bray rode the horse in masterly fashion. The Coventry Stakes was a match, and a good one, too, between Rocksand and Baroness La Flèche. The latter was, I heard after the race, not quite right, or she would not have been beaten by a head.

*Royal Hunt Cup.* There was a big improvement in the weather on Wednesday, and the attendance was, as a consequence, larger than that of the opening day. The King and Queen were absent, but the Royal Enclosure was

fully attended, and I never remember having seen more coaches on the opposite side of the course. The Royal Hunt Cup turned out to be the race of the meeting from the spectator's point of view. At the last moment, Fighting Furley became favourite, but The Solicitor, St. Maclou, and Csardas were backed for pounds, shillings, and pence. The result showed the public in the light of excellent judges, for The Solicitor won from Csardas, with St. Maclou third. It proved a very easy win for Lord Carnarvon's horse, who was ably ridden by Sam Loates; the winner had been well backed by the public for the City and Suburban and Jubilee, on the strength of his having finished fourth for the Lincoln Handicap. I cannot hear of any big winners over his Royal Hunt Cup victory, although I have been told of two very big double-event wagers, Carabine and The Solicitor, that nearly came off. Sceptre, giving a lot of weight away, could get no nearer than fourth to Doctrine for the Coronation Stakes. I was glad to see the young Duke of Westminster win his first race at the meeting by the aid of Flying Lemur. His Grace looked really pleased after the race. He takes a lively interest in the doings of his horses, and, like his grandfather, he expects them to win occasionally.

*The Gold Cup.*

It was a lovely day on Thursday, and, as a consequence, the attendance was a very big one. Unfortunately, the King was unable to be present, but the Queen, looking very nice, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and many members of the Royal Family took part in the Royal State Procession, which was a grand affair; indeed, for my own part, I would rather have the horses used in the Procession than those that ran in the races. The crowd was a record one in the matter of respectability, and I never remember having witnessed a prettier spectacle. The Gold Cup caused plenty of speculation, as there were no fewer than eleven runners, including two French horses. Backers fastened on to William the Third, who, ably ridden by M. Cannon, won cleverly from Osboch, with Santoi third. The winner is owned by the Duke of Portland, the King's Master of the Horse. It will be remembered that the winner had beaten Volodyovski at Hurst Park last year, and after that he ran very well in the St. Leger. The defeat of Pistol by Royal Lancer in the Rous Memorial Stakes makes the classic form more puzzling than ever, and I really do believe we should see good sport every day for a week if we allowed all the classic performers to run together every day of the six. Some of our three-year-olds are very unreliable, and I should advise backers to let them run.

*Refreshments.*

They give one a very good luncheon, which is termed dinner, at Ascot for five shillings, but I think the refreshment contractors might easily provide a decent meal for, say, three-and-six. This is done at other meetings, and surely it would be possible to do the same at a big profit at Ascot. Further, I think the teas served at the meeting might easily be done for sixpence, and intoxicating liquors should be retailed at lower prices than are charged at present. Many of the box-occupants cross the course and get their refreshments at the Club tents, but the poor, paying public have to submit to the high prices charged in the rings. The late Sir Wilford Brett, who originated the idea of a really good lunch for two shillings on the Grand Stand at Sandown Park, always contended that the low price charged for the food induced many people to pay the pound entrance-fee to the Ring, and I am of the same opinion. I feel convinced that hundreds of persons who remain on coaches and carriages on the opposite side of the course the day through would pay ten shillings to enter the Grand Stand Enclosure if they were assured of cheap food and drink.

CAPTAIN COE.



ASCOT: THE FIRST TIME ROUND IN THE RACE FOR THE GOLD VASE PRESENTED BY THE KING.



## OUR LADIES' PAGE.

PEOPLE say the old-fashioned girl is coming into fashion. It may be so—it all depends. But I doubt if the latest form of femininity will take the shape of a revival. An adaptation, perhaps, or a modification, or a revised edition. But a mere replica—No! Women have their phases, like the moon and other creations of

done with Ladies' Clubs and private telephones has not yet come up for discussion; but, doubtless, Phyllis and Corydon will appropriately re-appear attuned to the surroundings of their blue-ribboned era, as the painted fans and *mouches noires* of Pierrot and Pierrette recede on this overdone horizon.

Whatever we have in store, however, the girl of this Crowning year is very gorgeous in organdic mousseline and real lace, and, though Ascot was one of very tempered brilliance as far as sunshine went, even the semi-demi opportunity for sartorial display it afforded was welcomed by a devoted crowd too inured to the sad and sodden idiosyncrasies of the British weather Beelzebub. Of all the frills and furbelows, however, that decorated a partly Kingless Ascot, it seemed to me that some summer cloth gowns worn on the first day were most suitable. One of oyster-white cloth, with incrustations of Irish guipure and corded seams of white silk, was an exquisitely fitting creation. Another done in pale putty-coloured voile had a zouave of "mousseline velours," and was decked out in rows of tiny smoked-pearl buttons, after the approved coster type. A third quite lovely gown was built of cream-coloured Irish poplin, inset with Irish guipure on skirt and bodice; a cherry-coloured taffetas waist-band and parasol of cerise chiffon gave smart touches of colour, the contrast being afforded by a black crinoline picture-hat crowned with many feathers.

The *Lady's Pictorial* Coronation Number should appeal to a very large public. In handsomely illuminated covers, it contains a variety of well-written and interesting articles, a multitude of beautifully reproduced photographs, and many reproductions of old engravings.



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A RIVER-GOWN OF WHITE LINEN BRAIDED WITH BLUE.

the gender, but, unlike the lunar planet, they never repeat themselves. The early Victorian girl was a simpering, giggling, blushing, fainting, ringleted, champagne-bottle shouldered, white-stockinged, cloth-booted, impeccable nonentity. The mid-Victorian Miss was a thing of bustles, chignons, sprightliness, archery meetings, and dawning emancipation. The later Victorian New Woman was composed of platform phrases, cropped hair, thick boots, formless arguments, affected animadversion of the tyrant man, and despair of the matrimonial estate. We to-day are full of "smart" ambitions, overflowing with smart slang, weighted down with smart bills for smart clothes, compelled to live in smart streets, to the great attenuation of our less smart incomes. Never, in fact, has there been such an Old Man of the Sea as this fetish of smartness that we have been hugging to our souls—or what represents them—for the last dozen years. Not to be smart is to be socially dead, and to be socially defunct it were better never to have been born. So says the modern Saga. With what result, one need not add. A glance at names gracing the recent Bankruptcy Court lists, or, say, a few side-lights by a collector of income-tax on one hand and the complaints of unpaid tradespeople on the other, would afford some contemporary history full of thrilling situations and go far to explain to future generations the curious fever-heat with which the desire to be smart has afflicted this Edwardian era. Meanwhile, as one swing of the pendulum inevitably induces another, we are promised a retrogression to Arcadian simplicity which will dislodge made-dishes, banish "Bridge" after A.M., introduce the cult of mere muslin frocks, and leaven our erotic literature with the heavenly manna of Jane Austen and Alfred Austin. What is to be



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A DAINY FROCK FOR THE ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY.

A particularly interesting article is "London in Coronation Week, 1838," by Richard Davey. The Photogravure Supplement after E. T. Parris's famous historical painting of the Coronation of Queen Victoria is alone worth more than the shilling charged for the Coronation Number.

SYBIL.

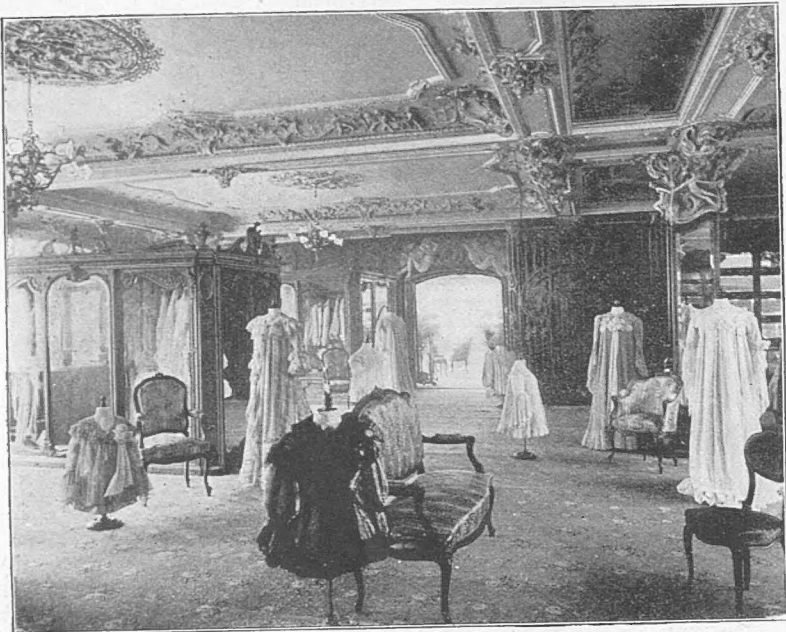


## HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE TO SHOP.

## A DAY AT HARROD'S, LIMITED.

I AM always being asked by smart American friends, and also by the ever-increasing Colonial contingent, who hope to get through at least a year's shopping during their brief Coronation visit to London, to tell them which is really the best of the great London emporiums.

Some time ago, it might have been better to declare for safety in numbers, but during the last nine months a wonderful transformation



CORNER OF SALON FOR BLOUSES AND TEA-GOWNS.

has taken place in the, to all Londoners, familiar premises of Messrs. Harrod. As if by enchantment, suite upon suite of palatial show-rooms have sprung into being; and not even the world-famous dressmakers and milliners of the Rue de la Paix can receive their patrons amid more luxurious and beautiful surroundings than can this enterprising firm, which always seems to me just as ready to cater for the sartorial requirements of a Princess as to satisfy the longings of the American girl blessed, may be, with more beauty and brains than with worldly wealth.

## BEAUTIFUL BACKGROUNDS FOR BEAUTIES.

Quite seriously, the great show-rooms, apart from their contents, are well worth a visit, and that even from the woman whose soul is wholly above the dear delights of shopping and who lives to beautify her own immediate surroundings. Here she will find much to interest her and to give her food for practical thought, and she will think it quite natural that Harrod's have been asked, again and again, to take orders for pieces of furniture identical in every respect with the ornate and exquisitely carved Louis XV. pieces scattered through their millinery and dress saloons. Particularly worthy of attention, for instance, are the Louis XV. dressing-tables, made of the Ancona walnut-wood dear to all French art lovers, and here used with excellent effect not only in the furniture, but even in the hat-stands, carved chests, wardrobes, and long counters on which are displayed the fascinating millinery models of the Coronation Season. Many are but freshly arrived from fair France, while yet others, equally original and becoming, owe their being to the genius of the firm's own staff of clever milliners.

Of course, one reason why the Louis XV. style of decoration lends itself so admirably to that of show-rooms is owing to the fact that mirrors played so great a part in all the house and palace decorations carried out during the reign of Louis the Well-beloved. Harrod's show-rooms are halls of mirrors, and even Watteau himself would have been charmed with the ceilings, all set in exquisite mouldings, by the way, painted by well-known French artists, while each detail of the decoration, which includes several full-sized figures, was modelled by an artist and owes nothing to mechanical art. The general scheme of colour comprises the pale-blues, tender flesh-tints, pinks and lemon, so dear to Fragonard and his fellow painters; and the chandeliers and other electric-light fittings have evidently all been copied from the best eighteenth-century fittings.

## FURBELOWS FOR THE FAIR.

Nowadays there is no such thing as an exclusive dressmaker or milliner. The moment one of those who arrogate to themselves the title of arbiter of fashion invents a really new model, the creation becomes the property, and very rightly so, of he or she who can pay for it the highest price. The Managing Director of a Limited Company such as Harrod's has practically unlimited wealth; he has but to wave

his magic wand and the best that Paris can produce appears, as if by enchantment, in the Brompton Road; and model frocks, model hats, model lingerie, and, last but not least, model wraps, coats, and cloaks, are there to be found in a bewildering variety, subject also, if the customer so wills it, to endless modifications and adaptations, for it must be remembered—a fact, I fancy, that American women too often forget—that what suits the Parisienne is not always equally becoming to her Anglo-Saxon sister, and this fact Messrs. Harrod's clever buyers keep well in mind when making their frequent visits to the kingdom of dress.

## SOME FASCINATING FROCKS.

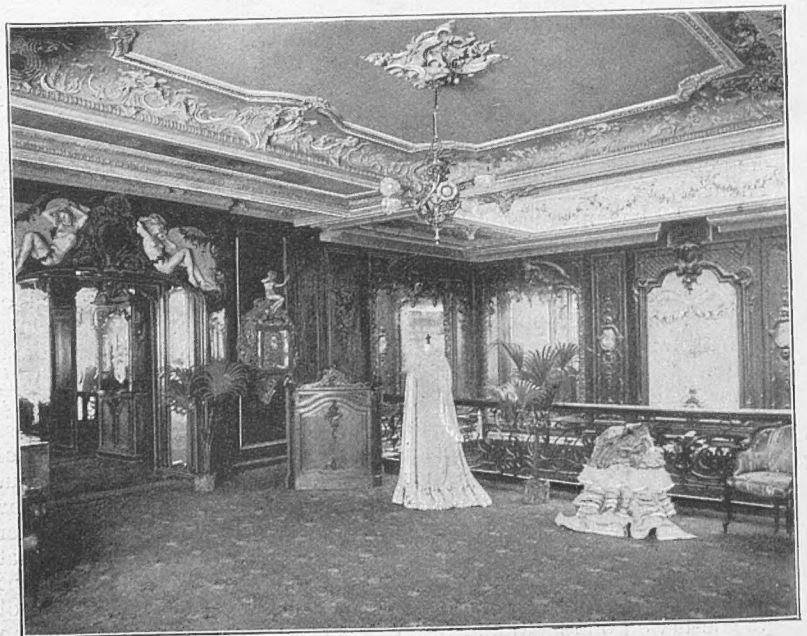
Just now some specially fascinating frocks, doubtless brought together with a view to their playing a part in some of the great Coronation functions—for many a great lady finds it to her advantage to dress at Harrod's—are being shown in the costume department. Quite a triumph in its way, but only fitted for a slim, tall, good-looking woman, is a gown literally made of cloth-of-gold, or rather, of that wonderful tissue closely sewn with gold sequins, and, it need hardly be said, innocent of all trimming, save a green serpent outlining the slender waist and giving a touch of restful colour to a costume which might well have been designed for a Madame Midas or the wife of some millionaire hailing from the Gold Reef City. More to my taste, though not, of course, so original and striking, was a gown covered with jet-black sequins, over which appeared to have been thrown, at irregular intervals, large silver poppies. These beautiful frocks can be seen to the best advantage, as Messrs. Harrod have adopted the living *mannequin* system, and their staff is chosen with a view to the exhibition of model costumes.

## SUCH FABRICS AS DRESSES ARE MADE OF.

Lace is apparently to be the favourite fabric of the Coronation Season, and, accordingly, all-lace frocks, and those muslin gowns trimmed with yards and yards of the finest make of French and Irish laces, are seen in the Harrod costume-salons in bewildering variety. A particular and successful feature consists of those *négligé* garments (including some really delightful tea-gowns) composed of Point d'Esprit—a spotted net always in vogue on the other side of the Channel, but which is too rarely seen in London show-rooms, partly, perhaps, because it has that supreme *cachet* of simplicity to which many Englishwomen seem indifferent.

Home industries are by no means neglected by those who preside over the destinies of Harrod's, and I have seldom seen smarter coats-and-skirts than those of Irish linens now being shown at Brompton, which begin at as low a price as a guinea, and are worth the attention of every boating-girl, for serge seems to have quite gone out on the river, and a couple of linen frocks will see a boating season through in a very satisfactory manner. As for the damsel who is clever enough to make her own clothes, I should advise her to glance at the new costume-linens of Irish manufacture, which may be had in white, cream, and in twelve shades of colour for the modest price of one and sevenpence-halfpenny a square yard.

A whole department is given over to our old friend the blouse, and here again Harrod's certainly lead the way, both in originality of design and loveliness of fabric. Every type of ready-made bodice—from the seven-guinea theatre-blouse, composed of the finest lace appliqué, to the useful knock-about "waist," as the Americans call



LADIES' OUTFITTING SALON.

a corsage, costing but a few shillings, can be seen and fitted in one of the fitting-rooms which are not the least delightful feature of Messrs. Harrod's new building. Being literally lined with mirrors, they allow of each garment being seen from every point of vantage.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 9.*

## ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

AS everybody expected, the Coronation Account, as they call it, has been a very quiet one on the Stock Exchange. London is full of visitors, but they apparently have come to stare at the flags and not to gamble in stocks and shares, so that between Ascot, the coming festivities, and the very short account, there has been less than usual doing—if, after the experience of the last few weeks, such a thing were possible. Although all markets have suffered from the slackness of business, there has been of late a distinct improvement in the tone of nearly all sections, and especially has this been noticeable in the Foreign and Westralian corners.

## THE GLOBE CASE.

Last week we felt debarred from making any comment on the great Globe case, because there was a point still undecided and it would obviously have been very improper to assume that it was going to be decided in a particular manner, although no one who had heard the case had any reasonable doubt on the subject. The last hope of a decent dividend to the unfortunate Globe creditors has been swept away, and the only thing people in the City say about it is that they do not understand how the Official Receiver can have allowed the assets to be frittered away in fighting a case which never had any substance in it. Probably about £15,000 has been thrown away in costs, which might have been a justifiable expense if there had ever been a thousand-to-one chance of success. It is clear now that there never was even a forlorn hope of victory, and it would have been better to have distributed the cash that has been wasted on the lawyers. The general estimate is that the creditors will get about a shilling in the pound, and the wisdom of the advice we gave to the shareholders to sell directly after the smash, when they could get eighteenpence each for their shares, has been justified by the event.

If current talk is to be trusted, we are on the eve of some sensational legal developments, in which the Criminal Courts will be asked to consider the question of the *bona-fides* of the last balance-sheet, among other things.

## STEEL COMPANIES.

We have always warned our readers that in Steel and Iron Companies they ought to obtain a very high rate of interest to compensate for the fluctuating nature of the trade, and the same remark applies to several other kinds of industrial enterprise, such as theatrical and entertainment shares. The balance-sheets of the Ebbw Vale and of the Rhymney Iron Companies are eloquent testimony to the necessity of our warnings.

Last year the Ebbw Company paid 6 per cent. on its Ordinary shares, placed £50,000 to reserve, and carried forward £18,624. This year, there is no dividend, nothing is placed to reserve, and the carry forward is only £6245.

The Rhymney Company does not make quite so bad a showing, but the profits have fallen from £159,000 to £103,000, and the distribution from 7½ per cent. to 5 per cent., while the appropriations for sinking new pits, depreciation, and the like have all been greatly reduced. In this class of business there are fat and lean years, and, what is worse, the fat years are very fat and the lean very lean, so that the Ordinary shares of such Companies are by no means the sort of thing which people who depend on their dividends for their sustenance ought to hold. The wise man buys in bad times and sells in good, and it looks as if the time to buy was coming along, although it probably has not yet arrived.

## THE YANKEE MARKET.

There is some disposition abroad to talk Yankees better, and the look of the market at the moment is as though the prophecy might come true. The unsettling factor in the position is, of course, the coal strike, and, even if that were nominally arranged, its shadow will certainly remain to disturb business for some time to come. So far as traffics are concerned, the figures are quite good enough for buyers to be tempted with, and the statistician has no trouble in working out dividends on Atchisons and Union Pacifics of 10 per cent. in each case, supposing that profits were divided up to the hilt. This last eventuality is naturally out of the bounds of practical politics, but there is no adequate reason why Unions, at all events, should not be put upon a 5 per cent. level. The declaration of such a rate upon Atchison Common would undoubtedly put the price of these volatile shares up to 95, while Unions are quite likely to see 115 within the next few months. An unsatisfactory market is that for United States Steel Corporation shares. The injunction which restrains the directors from issuing the 5 per cent. bonds is regarded as a bear point, since the new money was wanted for the purchase of competing businesses, and, though it could readily be raised in another form, the rebuff to

the Steel Corporation is not liked. At their current quotation, Steel Preference pay over 7½ per cent. on the money invested, and to obtain such a yield the capitalist must be prepared to run a certain amount of risk.

## KAFFIRS: BEFORE AND AFTER.

Before the Coronation, Kaffirs are steady to dull: afterwards, it is expected that the tone will be considerably better, and in good quarters an active market is predicted, despite the summer holidays. That there is still a fair-sized bull-account open the rates at the settlement abundantly proved, and it is also evident that the heavy sales made just after the mid-June account were not solely on behalf of weak bull speculators. Nevertheless, the bear element has managed to hide its head remarkably well, and not until the tide turns and prices advance again are we likely to hear the oft-repeated story as to shortness of stock. In our opinion, the Kaffir Circus is as strong as a horse, beneath the surface of temporary difficulties connected with the carry-over arrangements, and a fresh rise will come as inevitably as a reaction after this week's festivities. The past fortnight has acted as a chastening Recessional to the market, which is all the better for the check administered to its aspirations.

As to whether the rise will come immediately after the holiday, it is impossible to dogmatise with any degree of assurance. What is certain is that the public will do nothing unless it receives a strong lead from the big houses. Upon the latter's line of action the near outlook of prices wholly depends, but the probabilities are strongly in favour of the market being at all events supported, though it be not encouraged into the boom fever. There are too many babies for introduction to the public for the financial houses to allow a relapse of any magnitude to take place.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Who wants to talk finance just before the Coronation?" exclaimed a loud voice close to The Stroller's ear.

Our friend had been wearily "enjoying" himself as he did the round of Coronation decorations. Thankfully enough, he pushed his way out of the troops of ladies who thronged the main thoroughfares.

"I shall at least be amongst the men of London," said he to himself; "and, even if they don't come up to us provincials, they are better than these fat fairies, so far as the streets of London are concerned."

"Who wants to talk finance to-night?" again demanded the youthful giant who had just spoken.

"Nobody but those who have made money out of Westralians," retorted another.

"They are the very people to keep the subject out of their heads, the lucky hounds!" cried Number One.

"Well, I bought Lake Views at 2½ a week or two ago, and cleared them out at twelve-and-sixpence a share profit. Not bad, was it?"

"M'no. Who told you to buy them?"

The other laughed and looked rather foolish. "If I have to confess," he admitted, "it was from the City article of an illustrated weekly that I got the tip."

"I congratulate you, my dear sir. What are you going to do with the profit?"

"Most of it's gone already," was the reply. "Lucky thing for us that we don't have a Coronation every year, eh?"

"Some of us will be wanting to make holiday-money next, I'm thinking."

"You young bloods are always thinking of holidays," put in an elderly man who had joined the group.

"Of how we can pay for them, rather," said the young Apollo. "I am going to follow this Westralian game a little further."

"They tell me Hannan's Brownhill will go to five pounds a share," remarked his friend.

"So I hear; and I bought a few to take home with me over the holidays."

"In the foolish days when I speculated," the older man observed, "I did not pick out a thing which had just had a sharp rise. I went and bought things which nobody would look at at the time. Of course, I did my best to satisfy myself that they had a value before I bought."

"And did you make money?"

"More than I lost, you will probably be surprised to hear." The others laughed and shook their heads; he was known as one of the most successful operators in the City.

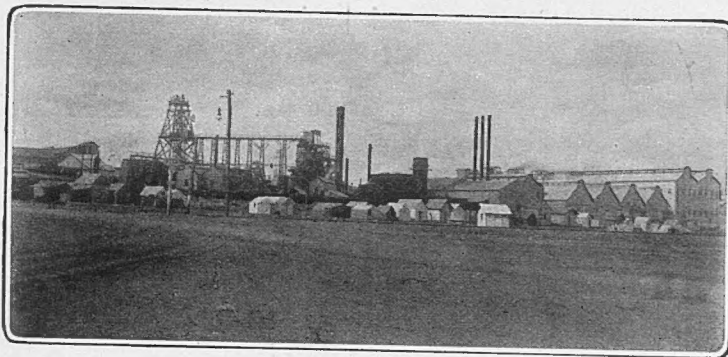
"What is your latest break-up tip?" asked one of the trio.

"Well, now, it's hardly fair to ask a man what he hopes to make money out of by keeping his mouth shut. But to lock up and put away, you will do no harm with Lima Railway shares."

"What odd things you get hold of!" exclaimed his questioner.

"Weird, I call them," assented the other. "I was just going to say—"

As they strolled out of hearing, The Stranger drew his little notebook from his pocket and pencilled "Brownhill and Lima Railways"



THE GREAT BOULDER PERSEVERANCE GOLD-MINE, KALGOORLIE, WEST AUSTRALIA.



on a blank page. He gave the little Throgmorton Street cripple a shilling, as the hapless little fellow asked him to buy a box of matches.

"In honour of the Coronation," he said, smilingly, as the lad's face brightened up. "In honour of the King and of the Queen."

"God bless them, sir!" the boy replied.

"And you," rejoined The Stroller, looking with pity at the shrunken form. "Tell me where I can get some tea," and he strolled off in the direction instantly indicated.

Four men stood chatting at the top of the stairs which lead down to the Den of Lyons. Our friend pretended to fumble for his matches as he stopped to listen for a new tip.

"What I said to him was this," one man laid down with emphasis. "I said, 'Go and buy yourself Southern Common until you are red in the face.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Oh, told me I was talking out of the back of my neck, or something equally insulting," the other laughed.

"But you are right, all the same," a third agreed. "There is something up in Southern—"

"I wish the price were," said Number Four.

"My boy, it is merely a question of waiting."

"Very much like the Lima Railways," thought The Stroller.

"You will see Southern rise ten dollars before you know where you are. Mark my words."

"If there's one thing I admire, it is a bull who goes the whole hog," the second speaker added, eliciting a general laugh. "I'm off now, to see if I can't pick up a few cheap seats at the eleventh hour for some poor relations. Night-night!"

"That's the way he wastes his money," said one of the remaining group, critically regarding his cigar.

"Seems pretty cocksure about Southern, doesn't he?" observed another of the trio. "Coming up to Gatti's?"

Two clerks were talking across the rapidly emptying street, and the words "cheap mining shares" caught The Stroller's attention.

"I can't say that I do," said the one who had been addressed, as he came across the road. "My governor won't let me gamble."

"Wise man," returned the other, with immense condescension. "I wish mine wouldn't let me—it would save me money."

"How's that?"

"Oh, well, you see, I can't buy East Rand and heavy muck like that, so I have to go in for high-class articles of the Otto's Kopje and Balkis Land description—what are called cheap shares. You know the style of thing."

"And you lose money?"

"When I make a dollar I lose five bob," returned the other, with a can lout not usually noticeable in a speculator. But this one was very young.

"If you don't make profits, who can?" demanded his fellow. "Your boss deals in that market, doesn't he?"

"Yes, and gives me the tips, don't you know. When I lose any decent amount on his advice, he pays it for me, so I don't stand to lose much, you see. But," he went on, "I'm every bit as bad as the public in wanting to buy 'cheap' shares. Must be nasty, you know. You only draw one prize for fifty blanks."

The Stroller slowly descended the flight of softly carpeted stairs, and again had recourse to his pocket-book. So abstracted was he that he ordered iced-cake and cherry-coffee. The waiter thought it was only one more Coronational case.

Saturday, June 21, 1902.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

BATHS.—The market in the shares you inquire about is a very bad one, and, of course, the price of silver has helped the dwindling process. If we held anything like the number of shares you mention, we should realise part of our holding.

F. S.—We changed our mind about Steyn Estates, because we got information that several influential South African houses were buying. We do not care for New Croesus, because it is too low-grade. As to "Skinner's Manual," of course, it is not a book of tips, but every speculator ought to know the capital and record of the concerns he speculates in. The paper you name is most unreliable and is for ever puffing all sorts of miserable ventures, out of which people connected with it make money. Get "The Mines of the Transvaal," by R. R. Mabson.

SANTIAGO.—Yes, we believe the lotteries in question are honestly conducted.

YORK.—Perhaps the following might suit you: (1) Interoceanic of Mexico Prior Lien bonds, (2) Chinese Gold bonds, (3) Canadian Pacific Pref., (4) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, (5) Pears' Soap, (6) Lady's Pictorial 5 per cent. Pref. shares. If you distribute your money over the above, you will get 5 per cent. all round and be pretty certain of your income.

KOOM.—Your position is certainly not pleasant. If you could find the cash to take up the shares, we should say hold on to all of them, but, as matters stand, the best thing you can do is to run them (if possible) during July, and, if they do not improve before the end of the last account in that month, cut your loss.

NAIB.—See answer to "York." Grand Trunk First Preference might be added. There is not enough market for us to advise the purchase of the Mining shares. We will make inquiries as to the dealing price and let you know.

NATALIAN.—Thanks for your letter.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company have made special arrangements for the temporary safe keeping of Court jewels and other valuables during the Coronation ceremonies.

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